

The Listener

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139



The *Queen Mary* arriving at New York. The Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary are due in the United States this week-end

In this number:

A Letter to Posterity (Lord Beveridge)

On Being a Bandit in Malaya (Hugh Carleton Greene)

Can Victims of Higher Prices be Helped? (Peter Wiles)

'The Gifts of Christmas'

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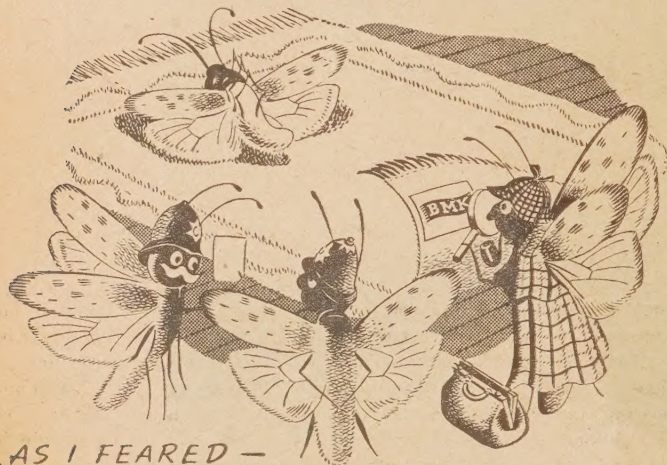
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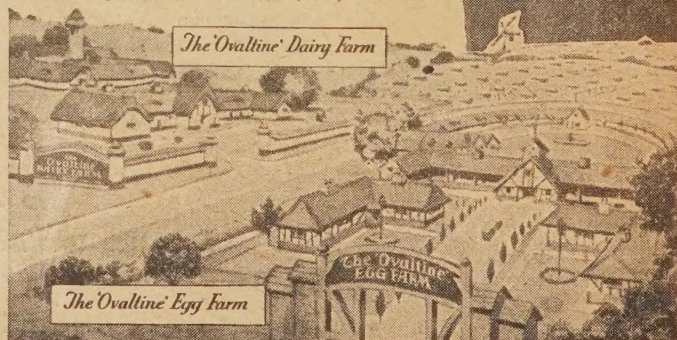
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The Listener

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A Letter to Posterity

By LORD BEVERIDGE

MY dear Posterity,—I am writing to you at the end of 1951—the year in which we of the twentieth century began to realise clearly that we were not yet out of the wood of world wars. That was the name we gave to the mass killing of men, women, and children, about whom individually the people who killed them knew nothing. But you can read about wars in history books, and most other things about us you know without my telling you—our rationing, our houses, our clothes, what we looked like, what we laughed at, how we talked—all of this you can get as much as you like from print and pictures and recorded speech and films.

I want to use this chance given me by the B.B.C. today of writing to you a letter which it has undertaken to deliver to you in 2052, by telling you about some of the things which cannot be filmed and which you might miss otherwise—how we felt and thought. In particular, let me tell you what it feels like to be living through a peaceable social revolution. By social revolution I mean the change in the distribution of wealth that has come about in Britain, and the effect of this on the relations of human beings to one another. Abolition of poverty by levelling up incomes has been part of our social policy for many years. In the past ten years there has been added to this a tremendous levelling down as well, mainly by taxation to pay for wars and their consequences and preparation for fresh wars. It is not possible today for anyone in Britain who earns more than a very small

income to avoid paying substantial sums in income tax. It is not possible for anyone, however hard and well he works, to enjoy the kind of income or to make the savings for old age that were easy when I was a young man. It is not possible for anyone now to enjoy great wealth, or to pass it on to his children.

How this affects individuals depends, of course, on the individual, on his age and tastes and his family circumstances. I who am writing to you, am an old man and not as much affected by the change as many others. To keep up the way of life to which I have become used, I have to go on working for money long after the usual age of retirement. But I should want to go on working anyhow, so I do not mind that. The only serious worry for old people like me is fear that we may live too long after we have spent our savings, and when we cannot earn. But many people younger than I have more serious worries than mine and find their whole lives changed. There are, of course, the younger people with big houses which they have inherited and which they cannot keep up. I do not see how any of what used to be called the 'stately homes of England' can survive to you as homes: for you they will be ruins or institutions or museum pieces.

A more general change affects the younger people with children in all the better-off social classes, whether their incomes come from property or as earnings for work. It was a habit, and it is still a desire of such people, to plan for their children to manhood or womanhood and beyond. But that is often difficult or impossible

now. I know today young married people with children who, though they earn good incomes, realise that if they give their children the kind of education they would like for them, they will have spent all their money on the children and will have nothing left for their own old age.

A yet more important change is in the sources of leadership and of voluntary service of all kinds to the community and to one's fellows. The big houses produced for each locality its accepted leaders. The surplus of income of the richer classes, while often it was wasted, made possible many admirable voluntary services and experiments. It endowed learning and art, music and adventure. The economic change affects not only individuals but institutions, for example the churches with their mission of spiritual and moral leadership. The churches find it increasingly hard to ensure reasonable incomes and living conditions for their ministers.

The change is social, not personal. It is sweeping enough to be called a revolution. But as that term to some of you may imply violence and as this change is entirely peaceful, I am not sure that it is not described better in terms of the pantomime as a transformation scene through which we are living today. On the stage on which all men and women are players, the baronial hall with its troops of servants laying coal fires in every room is giving place to rows of council houses, each with radiators and a television aerial. I rather like that simile, my dear Posterity, both because it has a touch of Christmas in it and because it suggests that the change is one of background rather than of essentials. In all this transformation, two vital things remain unchanged: the nature of the men and women on the stage and their need for leadership. If the people are to be happy they have to find the right leaders in every century. In the old days of individual wealth which one could pass on to one's children, much of the leadership of the country was determined automatically. Where will leadership come from now in an economically flattened society? How can we ensure right leadership to save us from being flattened also spiritually, intellectually, artistically? These are perhaps the most interesting problems facing us today.

Unique Experiment

By chance I, who am writing to you, am in the heart of an almost unique experiment in this field, because I live in a completely new town called Newton Aycliffe, which three years ago had no houses, big or small. By the time you get this letter Newton Aycliffe will be an old town. No doubt by that time it will have acquired a character—I hope a good character—and settled ways. Today it is a fascinatingly interesting place to live in, because everything in it is still to make, and the leaders are still to find.

Newton Aycliffe is being built primarily for people working in factories on a trading estate next door to it. The first houses accordingly have been allotted to what we call 'key workers'. That means either people whose work is of special importance in the factories, or people essential for the making and servicing of the town—building operatives, architects, engineers, shopkeepers, police, gas, electric, and water people, and so on. Later we shall bring in others, whether they are technically key workers or not, and wherever they work. And we interpret the term 'key worker' widely—and sensibly. We regard coal miners as key workers for the whole country, and so for us. When a vicar was appointed for the town, we treated him as a key worker. We set aside a house for him, and gave him an empty farm-house for his services till he could get a church built. The rector in his parsonage has become a key worker in a standard house, and everyone in the town is dependent on earnings.

Most of our first inhabitants are young couples with one or two small children, often in their first homes of their own, having started married life in lodgings or sharing a house with others. We are a town of toddlers and scooters and tricyclists with very few adolescents. In our 1,000 inhabitants today we have 330 children of school age and below, and only three grandmothers, of all ages. Our first inhabitants, having come to us from all over

the country, have many roots outside the town. They are apt to go away at weekends to see grandmamma, because houses of the sort to suit her here are not yet built. For lack of big shops and cinemas and schools, they have at the moment to find these things elsewhere. As typical Britishers they do all the things that nearly everybody does in Britain today.

But our first population in Newton Aycliffe is also in several ways different from the average for the country as a whole. We have not only more toddlers and fewer grandparents. Because most of the first comers are key workers, we have, also, as compared with the average, proportionately more people who earn their livings as administrators or as highly skilled workmen. This, I hope, is going to mean that, as the town grows, common activities on the intellectual and artistic side will develop with more than usual speed: organisation of libraries, community drama, debating societies, art societies, voluntary service of all kinds—everything that calls for use of leisure in doing things rather than passively enjoying things. Certainly the demand for books in Newton Aycliffe is already remarkable.

Where Shall We Find Our Leaders?

Just from where, in our classless collection of men and women, the leadership will come to make us a society with a sense of unity, in service to one another and to the world, I do not know. Leadership can come from anywhere, for it depends on personal qualities which are found in men and women of every parentage. But leadership in itself is not enough; the leadership which Hitler gave to the Germans led only to evil. Our leadership in Britain, in so far as it has been good, has depended not simply on personal qualities but on tradition. We have somehow to carry on an aristocratic tradition in Britain without the aristocrats. How shall we find the *right* natural leaders in place of the hereditary leaders of the past, for small affairs and for great affairs, for the nation, for the town, for the village? That is a question that many of us are thinking about today. You will know the answer. But you cannot tell us, alas!

If there is one gift rather than another that I would like to get now from our fairy godmothers, the natural scientists, it is that they should make it possible for anyone who wanted this to take his allotted span of life not all together and continuously but partly in short periods spread over centuries. I would gladly give up one of my few remaining years of life if I could turn it into weeks or months spread over intervals from now to your time and beyond. I would love to sleep and wake and open a window to look at you and Newton Aycliffe again in 2052. The scientists have split the unsplitable atom; it ought not really to be harder to split a man's life for him like this.

My dear Posterity, I have used up all the time I have for writing to you. Just how you will get this letter I do not know. That is the job of the B.B.C. But the fact that the B.B.C. has undertaken to deliver this letter to you a hundred years hence is a good illustration of how, even in this bad year of 1951, we look at things. The B.B.C. today has only six more months of life for certain; its charter and licence have just been renewed for that time. At the end of six months there might be something quite different—no B.B.C. at all. But the B.B.C. clearly means to go on living much longer—at least to 2052. It, like the rest of us, has the will to live. We mean somehow to get through the difficult and dangerous times ahead. We are as tough and resourceful as you will be.

—Home Service

New Year's Honours

We offer our congratulations to Mr. E. Tangye Lean, Controller, European Services, B.B.C., who becomes a C.B.E. in the New Year's Honour's List; to Mr. J. M. A. Cameron, Head of Premises and Stores, who has received the O.B.E.; and to Mr. Cecil Madden, Assistant to the Controller, Television Programmes, who is made an M.B.E.

On Being a Bandit in Malaya

By HUGH CARLETON GREENE

I DO not much like the word 'bandit'. I suppose it is partly my own fault that it is still generally used. But I could not think of anything much better. Terrorist? One thinks immediately of the former Jewish underground organisations in Palestine, so much more deadly and efficient even than the enemy in Malaya. Guerrilla? That is what we called them when they were on our side during the war. So bandit let it be. For the Chinese in Malaya—as in China itself—the word has a familiar ring. They are not misled by it. But for the outside world, perhaps, the use of the word bandit has put the fighting in Malaya out of focus; has made it more difficult to understand the character of an enemy who has been in the field for three and a half years now, an enemy who is at this moment keeping at full stretch more than 100,000 regular and auxiliary police and some 40,000 British, Gurkha, and Malay troops: troops which, with the exception of the five battalions of the Malay Regiment, would be better employed elsewhere.

It is over a year now since I met my first bandit: a very ordinary and harmless-looking little Chinese in a white shirt and brown drill trousers. He sat there desperately tired and desperately unhappy. 'He's been on operations for forty-eight hours without sleep', said the Chinese detective. But that was not really what was the matter. His God had failed, and he had not found another one. He had surrendered, and all his knowledge of the communist organisation, all his courage, all his resource was now at the service of his former enemies. He had been helping to hunt down his former comrades. For him there could be no return to the jungle. He was a marked man, the target for any gunman or grenade-thrower who might recognise him. There could be no return, either, to the certainties of his old creed. He was an honest and sincere man who had reached the point of admitting: 'If communism is what the Malayan Communist Party represents, I am not a communist'. His name was Lam Swee. Until a little while before he had been commander and political commissar of the Fourth Regiment of the Malayan Races Liberation Army, as the communists call their uniformed force, and before that Vice-President of the Pan-Malayan Federation of Trades Unions. I was later to work very closely with Lam Swee, and it is hard now to distinguish what he so haltingly told me then from what he poured out more fluently in the months to follow. His account, with many from other surrendered bandits and from captured documents, built up my own personal picture of a bandit.

What we are fighting in Malaya is not an unorganised rabble of picturesque ruffians (of 'bandits' in that sense) out for loot. It is a uniformed communist army of about 4,000 men, armed with pistols, rifles, Sten guns, and a few Brens. An army, supported by an underground organisation in the towns and villages of some 15,000 men who provide the army with supplies, particularly food, recruits, and intelligence, and can themselves rely on the regular assistance, willing or unwilling of—it is anybody's guess, but let us say—another 100,000.

This underground organisation—the Min Yuen or People's Movement—is all round you in Malaya. The Chinese boy who serves you your drink at the club, the Chinese cashier who hands you your money at the bank, the Chinese girl who dances with you in the amusement park, the Chinese telephonist who gives you your number, the old and dignified Chinese servant at King's House, the High Commissioner's residence—for all you know, any one of them may be a member of

the Min Yuen. The army cannot exist without the Min Yuen. But the Min Yuen can exist without the army. And even if resettlement, food control, and other measures finally cut the army off from its supporters and supplies and so end the open, armed struggle, there will still remain, while the international cold war continues, the fight against the ubiquitous, intangible Min Yuen: a gunman's war.

At the top of the communist pyramid of command is the Secretary-General of the Malayan Communist Party, Chen Ping, decorated with the O.B.E. after the war, during which he was the trusted and respected ally of the British officers of Force 136. He and his two colleagues of the Politburo conduct operations from somewhere in the deep jungles of Pahang. Or (who knows?) perhaps they are in Penang, or in peaceful Malacca where at dusk every day in the forecourts of the houses of the Chinese millionaires the candles are lighted at the feet of the Goddess of Mercy. The members of the Politburo also belong to the Central Executive Committee whose eight or so junior members only come together perhaps once in six months: otherwise they spend their time at jungle headquarters conducting local operations. On

the army side the regimental commanders (like my friend Lam Swee) take their orders from the State Committees—as the communist state commands are known. The Min Yuen also stems from the State Committees down through district and branch committees, all with their armed protection units and killer squads. The command throughout is Chinese. The whole organisation bears the stamp of the Chinese secret societies which, until the end of the nineteenth century, dominated Chinese life in Malaya. For the ordinary, non-communist Chinese in Malaya the Communist Party is but the latest and most ruthless of a long line of secret societies to which they have paid their contributions under threat of mutilation or death. That is the strength of the Communist Party with the Chinese. It is one of its weaknesses with the Malays and Indians.

But it is a formidable machine. Difficult to bring to battle in the case of the army, difficult to penetrate and disrupt in the case of the Min Yuen, it is only prevented from being still more formidable by a lack of experienced leaders, by a lack of trained technicians for sabotage work, by an absence of the spark of imagination and impudence which has marked the great guerrilla leaders and, at the present stage, by an absence of anything but moral assistance from outside Malaya. The communist plan for the establishment of 'liberated areas' and a switch from guerrilla fighting to more regular military operations has



Chinese communist, captured in Bentong, Pahang, Malaya, during Mr. Oliver Lyttelton's visit to the town last month

made no progress since it was first drawn up by the Politburo soon after the outbreak of hostilities. All the same, Chen Ping and his friends are not doing too badly in carrying out what one can assume to be their very general directive from Moscow: to survive as an army in being until the outbreak of a third world war and a Chinese invasion of Malaya, and, in the meantime, to hold down as many troops and cause as much loss of life and economic dislocation as possible.

Heretical Marxist with a Dangerous Idea

In background and personality Lam Swee was far from being a typical representative of the communist high command. With a touch of pride he told me: 'I was the only party leader who came from the working class'. He had been a barber before his gift for organisation was discovered and he mounted the trades-union ladder to high political and military command. His mother was still living in poverty in Johore. It was fascinating to find in the isolated and ideologically rather low-grade Communist Party of Malaya, none of whose leaders could claim to have been 'trained in Moscow', the same pattern of development as in the Soviet Union itself: the elimination of the working-class element in the leadership and the concentration of power in the hands of what the old-fashioned Lam Swee still despised as the bourgeoisie.

This was not the only local parallel with the rest of the communist world. Though self-educated, Lam Swee had read Marx, Lenin, and Stalin in Chinese translations, and the works of Mao Tse-tung, and he had picked up the dangerous idea that the Central Executive Committee of the party should be a 'democratically elected body'. The Central Executive Committee of the Malayan Communist Party had in fact appointed itself in the period between the end of the war and the outbreak of the Emergency after the former Secretary-General, a mysterious figure known as Wright, who had been in Japanese pay during the occupation, had decamped with the funds. Lam Swee's ideas had, therefore, been condemned as heretical. He was accused of left-wing deviationism, exaggerated liberalism, insubordination, and other sins, and demoted from his command. Wisely he escaped and surrendered.

But the disease was not wiped out. It spread. The leader of the communists in Malacca, Siew Lau, reached the even more dangerous conclusion that the rising in Malaya was not supported by the masses, that it was, therefore, in the long run bound to fail, and that it was the logical duty of the party to stop the armed struggle and try to attain its ends by peaceful penetration and propaganda. Siew Lau's clandestine writings show him to have been by far the most instructed Marxist in Malaya. There is evidence that he wanted to form an independent communist party and break away from the M.C.P. But in the inevitable struggle for power, waged this time deep in the Malayan jungle instead of in the government offices of east-European capitals, Siew Lau lost. He was expelled from the party and deprived of his command. Unlike Lam Swee he did not seek an opportunity to surrender. With his wife and one or two followers he worked, under guard, as a rubber tapper on a remote Chinese estate somewhere in the jungles of Malacca. Somehow he managed to smuggle out letters to friends in which he continued his attacks on the party leaders, declaring that his own life was of no account compared with the disastrous policy of the Politburo. Such was Siew Lau's influence that several members of the party in Malacca resigned and joined him. In May of last year he, his wife, and several of his friends were shot on the orders of the Politburo. Again, the normal Communist Party pattern repeating itself.

Such quarrels among the leaders of the Malayan Communist Party may, as time goes on, have an important influence on the course of the struggle. But at the moment they are far above the head of the ordinary bandit. To him communist ideology, generally speaking, means little—though it is fair to say that the percentage of literacy among bandits is considerably higher than among the law-abiding citizens of Malaya. He is in the jungle, or working as a member of the Min Yuen, for a variety of reasons. Many of the present-day bandits belonged during the war to the Malayan Peoples' Anti-Japanese Army. Among these communist indoctrination is strongest. But the rank and file consists mostly of former rubber tappers and other workers who have been attracted by communist promises (sometimes by communist intimidation), by belief in a coming Chinese invasion, by a spirit of adventure, by hope of loot, by resentment against their employers and 'red-haired devils', as the Chinese communists call the whites. When a modified form of conscription was introduced in Malaya at the beginning of the year many young Chinese preferred to go into the jungle rather than serve with the police, and this brought the communists a steady flow of recruits—in many areas, more than they could arm.

In their jungle camps the members of the communist army are given almost daily training in the principles of Marxism. While the heavy Malayan rain falls outside, these troopers of world communism squat in their jungle huts and engage in long-drawn-out bouts of self-criticism and mutual criticism. (Ah Fatt has coarse manners. I, Fook Long, have neglected my diary for a week. Hang Soon is independent and uncooperative.) The atmosphere of *Eric or Little by Little* is almost overpowering. And it is with a shock that one remembers while reading the records of these naive outpourings that Ah Fatt may have just come in from cutting off with his parang the hands of one of the new generation of solidly anti-communist, trades-union officials, and that Hang Soon may have been slashing to death some Chinese woman, who, in order to feed her family, had defied communist orders to go on strike for higher wages and stop tapping. In the eyes of the Malayan Communist Party there is nothing incompatible between the condemnation of 'coarse manners' and the appalling savagery with which this war is waged, particularly against the civil population. Ammunition is precious, so bullets are kept for armed police, troops, and planters and are not usually wasted on the ordinary Chinese, Malay, or Indian civilian, whether man, woman, or child. For them there is burning alive, slashing into strips with parangs, beating into pulp with spades and, perhaps, if there is time to spare for such refinements, crucifixion.

For the bandits responsible for such acts there can be no return to ordinary life. It is the disillusioned idealist or the bewildered tapper who surrenders and is given a chance to work his passage home: not the deliberate murderer. But it is not only fear that keeps so many men who, stretch the term as one will, are by no means convinced communists, fighting on year after year in the jungle, soaked by as much rain in one day as falls in England in a wet month, a prey to tropical diseases, often near starvation, nursing wounds that will not heal: it is not only fear that provides a recruit for nearly every rifle or Sten that becomes available. The bandits in Malaya may not always know what they are fighting for—except, perhaps, a vague and rosy future in which they will be the bosses and have their own plot of land. But they know what they are fighting against.

What that is I think one can best see through the eyes of Asians sympathetic to our side. They can understand the detestation of the 'red-haired devils' which drives the bandits on. It has nothing to do with communism, this detestation. It is something on which the communists have played. I do not mean to imply that the struggle in Malaya is in any sense a national liberation movement, as the communists try to make out. One of the most serious communist failures has been their inability to attract active support from Malays and Indians. But I do not think there is any Asian who would deny that hatred of the whites has provided a motive force for the bandits and that it has contributed to the apathy of those who are not actively on their side.

A Political Problem

That is one reason among many why, as the late Sir Henry Gurney saw so clearly, the Emergency in Malaya is a political problem even more than, and even before, it is a military one. (One reason, too, why the killing of Sir Henry Gurney, who knew how to obtain the confidence and affection of Asians, was such a disaster.) The jungle of Malaya could soak up division after division of troops like a gigantic sponge. The communists in Malaya can be dealt with in the long run only by depriving them of their support, and that can be done only by providing the local population, particularly the Chinese, with something to defend, their own land let us say, which they would value more than communist promises.

One of the British leaders in Malaya once said to me: 'We—the British—have made more communists out here through our stupidity than all their propagandists put together.' Again, one can understand best what he meant by looking at Malaya through Asian eyes. Wages in Malaya are the highest in South-east Asia (many times higher than in India), more children than ever are going to school, there are fine roads, the health services are good, there is a hard-working and generally honest civil service. True: but there is another side of the picture which our Asian sees. He sees that while fortunes are being made in rubber, Asians are still being admitted to hospital suffering from starvation; while estate managers (Chinese as well as European) are being paid very large bonuses, there is long-drawn-out haggling over the smallest wage increase for rubber workers; while Asian trades-union leaders are risking their lives fighting communism, European planters, who are risking their lives in the same cause, drive union officials off

their estates; while Asians and Eurasians may obtain scholarships to English schools and universities, they are cold-shouldered and not admitted to European clubs, the haunts of their former school-fellows, when they return to what is, after all, their own country. There are many other grievances which our Asian will have on his mind, and can one honestly deny it when he says: 'You British, and, in particular, your very short-sighted commercial community, are playing all the time into the hands of the communists. Through your social snobbery you are providing them with their intellectuals and propagandists—you've had to arrest enough under your Emergency Regulations. You are providing, too, the resentments among the population in general on which they can play'. Has one got any really good argument against him when he goes on to say: 'Can you blame me, as an Asian, if, though on your side, I feel that I am not doing much more than "defending the bad against the worse?" Can you blame me if I get rather suspicious and lose some of my very limited enthusiasm when I hear all the talk

about getting on with the emergency and leaving political development until later?' And our Asian might be frank enough to add that since the fall of 'impregnable Singapore' in 1942 his lack of confidence in the British as the defenders of his country matched his distrust of them as politicians.

So there we are: a war that is not a war but an Emergency (because of insurance difficulties, in case you did not know). Uniformed communist troops who are 'bandits' not soldiers, though it takes plenty of soldiers to fight them. Friends who may be hidden enemies. Enemies who turn out to be our most effective friends. Jealousy and suspicion between Asians and Europeans and between the different Asian communities. A demand for self-government and the end of white rule which refuses to be hushed until the fighting is over. If ever there was a war which calls for the statesman even more than for the soldier, a war which without bold political and social changes may drag on for ever and ever, this is it.—*Third Programme*

Can Victims of Higher Prices Be Helped?

PETER WILES on inflation and the sliding scale

IT is probable that prices will continue to rise for as far as human wisdom can see ahead, or, to put it in other words, that the world has entered into an Age of Inflation. Obviously, if this is so, it is most urgent that we should adapt ourselves to this prospect. I fear I shall have to assume that this is indeed the prospect without proving it. But at least it is a reasonable assumption if you consider the following factors, all of them permanent features of the modern world: war and the cold war, the welfare state with its interest in full employment, social services and a greater equality of incomes, the ever-gaining strength of trade unions, protectionism and exchange control. For, on the one hand, war, welfare measures, and trade union claims all tend to increase the quantity of money; that is they raise demand above supply and involve attempts to buy more than is or can be produced. And that is precisely what inflation is: the man in the street's definition of 'too much money chasing too few goods' is scientifically exact. And on the other hand, protectionism and exchange control make inflation at home possible without disastrous consequences to the country's balance of payments. For if there is free trade in goods and money, inflation cures itself by sucking in goods and expelling money; but this is not happening now—we are guarded from it by protection and exchange control. When a country on the gold standard is faced with declining reserves of money it can only deflate, but in the new international system it can devalue, inflate a bit more, and devalue again. So inflation is the natural product of the modern economy. Of course, there will be some falls in prices in future but they will not be important. The long-run influence, as in all previous centuries but the nineteenth, are all on the other side.

This prophecy is political or moral, not economic. It is not based on economic determinism but on an estimate of human nature. Citizens have not enough self-control, nor enough knowledge of economics; they are not reasonable or altruistic enough, to avoid inflationary demands—demands, that is, for more money in wages or sale prices, or whatever it is, that give the demanders more purchasing power so that they can divert to themselves goods and services that others would have bought. Governments are not ruthless or foreseeing enough seriously to control inflation, and oppositions are not patriotic enough to support them; the opposition inevitably gains votes if the government tries to disinflate. One is reminded of the old American saying that a good politician is one who votes for all appropriations and no taxes. It is not that human beings are bad—it is merely that they are human. *Humanum est inflare*—the nineteenth century, with its peace, its free trade, its gold standard, its trade cycle, and its Gladstonian finance, was quite exceptional. It is hardly more rash to prophesy inflation today than to say that drunkenness or traffic accidents will continue for as far as human wisdom can see ahead.

The parallel can be taken further. Drunkenness and traffic accidents must not only be prevented, punished, and suppressed, but also allowed for. We need not only police constables and speed limits but also doctors, ambulances, properly cambered roads, and lime juice. If we

say that there will be drunks and careless drivers, and demand that doctors be provided, we are not irresponsible fatalists or helpless cynics but sane and public-spirited citizens. Nor are we hostile to police constables or opposed to preventive measures; least of all are we in favour of the evils we try to palliate. Indeed, a distinction may be made. So far as possible inflation (which is the disease) must be suppressed, but as that cannot be perfectly achieved rising prices (which are the symptom) must be prepared for and palliated.

What ambulances, then, are required for the Age of Inflation, and for what victims? There are two kinds of individual victim of rising prices: first, and obviously, the creditors on fixed terms, such as private pensioners and the holders of public and private debt. These continue to receive the same amount of money, however little that money will buy. The second class are the economically and politically weak, such as unorganised workers, the recipients of higher salaries, and the pensioners of the state. The unorganised worker cannot, and the high-salaried man in conscience will not, strike: neither group is politically minded or represented by powerful and unscrupulous lobbyists. As to the state pensioner, he cannot strike because he does not work: so he goes to the wall, too.

But there is also, and it is easy to forget this, one kind of business victim: the firm that sells necessities to a numerous public. Such firms cannot raise their prices because to do so is to court great publicity and unpopularity. Moreover, in the modern state there is price control, and, fearing the electorate, the politicians will not allow such firms to raise prices as their costs rise. They are forced to operate at a loss. Railway fares, bus fares, domestic fuel, and the rents of houses are obvious examples of this.

So much for the victims of rising prices, and as to their identity there can be little disagreement. But what can be done to help them? My suggestion is to introduce sliding scales that link the income received or the price charged by the victim of inflation to the cost of living or of producing. His protection is then automatic and his sense of security returns. The money is found by the consumer, the employer, or the state, as the case may be. This technique is easier in some cases than in others. Transport fares can be linked to an index of transport costs: so that fares go up by, say, ten per cent. when coal prices double or when wages increase by twenty per cent., or whatever the correct proportions are; and this without any need to ask permission of the Transport Tribunal or the Minister of Transport. Similarly, rents can easily be linked to an index of building costs, and state pensions to the cost of living. And here note that the cost of living would have to be split into several indexes: one for poor pensioners, one for the higher salaried workers, yet another for the unorganised workers. In this way the economically and politically weak and the business victims of inflation are easily saved.

Some creditors at fixed terms are also easy to save. The interest and capital of National Savings can be linked to a cost-of-living index too. This is, indeed, a most necessary reform; for however much the average

worker gains upon the rich by his ability to push up wages, as prices rise he loses a great deal in that the savings outlets open to him, unlike those open to the rich, offer no guarantee at all against rising prices. For the rich can buy ordinary shares, which to be sure do not anything like keep pace with prices, but can at least rise a little in value. But the poor prefer to put their money into National Savings, post office and trustee savings, industrial assurance, trade unions, building societies, provident societies and co-operatives. In every single case the saving is expressed in fixed money terms, and you get out merely what you put in, plus interest. Further, not only should National Savings be linked to the cost-of-living index but also certain marketable government securities, which should be issued only to trustees, insurance companies, and charities. For there is at present no safe way in which the ordinary person can invest his money so as to be immune from rising prices—even ordinary shares, as we have seen, being no guarantee. In other words, the trustee security, one of the most elementary amenities of a civilised community, no longer really exists, and all savings steadily depreciate. We need a whole range of new, different, trustee securities. Finally the protection of private pensioners, annuitants, and the privately insured, is much more difficult. But there are means even of doing this, though there is not time to discuss them now.

Working Precedents

Note that there is nothing visionary or impracticable in all this. Many people's wages in this country are already fixed to a sliding scale. Some French government bonds are linked in a rudimentary way to the value of the franc. Solid working precedents, in fact, are not far to seek. And where is the money to come from? The higher bus and railway fares must of course simply be paid for by travellers. They must spend more on travel and less on other things; which is only just, as there is no reason why the taxpayer should foot the traveller's bill for him. After all, the average taxpayer is just as poor as the average traveller, since we are all both. The unorganised workers and the recipients of salaries must get their extra pay from their employers. This will either lower the employer's profit or raise the prices he charges. Pensioners of the state and holders of public debt will, of course, be paid by the state, that is to say either from extra taxes, or from borrowing, or by the creation of new money.

But nearly every one of these things is itself inflationary. The rise in fares raises the cost of living and causes travellers to put in wage claims. If the rise in wages and salaries is met from profits, purchasing power is transferred from rich to poor—that is from slow spenders to quick spenders. If the employer meets the rise by raising his prices he increases the cost-of-living index, and that leads to wage claims by others. If the state borrows to meet the new claims of pensioners and debt holders it may be tapping money that was lying idle in hoards; it thus turns passive money into active money, and that is inflationary. If the state meets the new claims by creating money, that is, of course, the essence of inflation. Moreover, the inflationary effects of my proposals do not stop at the first round. To protect the weak is to perpetuate a vicious circle. Inflation, after all, is a procedure whereby the strong—the farmers, the trade unions and the Government—cheat the weak. They get more money for themselves, and drive up the prices of goods and services so that they can pay but the weak cannot. If the weak are protected, by also being given more money, they cannot be cheated. In their disappointment the strong will simply try again and let loose a further torrent of new money. They will stop their inflationary demands only if they succeed, that is if the weak allow themselves finally to be cheated.

Truth to tell, if only some of us would lie down and starve the rest of us would be very comfortable. But this is not going to happen. It is not only immoral, it is also impracticable, to ask that some class of the community should be wiped out, or some class of transaction rendered nugatory. We all know very well that in the end the victims will revolt, and that the rest of us, entirely sympathising with them, will render first aid. It is indeed possible to cure inflation, or at any rate a mild inflation, by killing the weak and sating the strong. But it is not the solution that this country will in fact wish to adopt, or find itself unconsciously adopting. Too many of us are democrats, and too many of us are fair-minded, for that. We all agree, then, that the weak must—and indeed will—be protected at some stage; the strong must not raise prices until they starve, for starvation is worse than further inflation. We all agree that the total and absolute protection of the weak will prevent the cheaters from ever being satisfied and drive them to ever more inflation. In my view a middle solution must be

sought: there must be some protection for the weak, indeed much more than at present, and the strong must exercise much more self-restraint than they do now. But so long as the pretence continues that the value of money is and will be constant, no solution is possible, except that the devil should take the hindmost. The pretence that prices do not rise entails total victory for the strong and total defeat for the weak, for the latter then never get any cost-of-living increase at all. But any middle way means some sort of sliding scale.

I think the answer is that the sliding scale must be lagged: lagged by time, so that, say, last year's index of the cost of living or producing governs this year's income or price, provided that the index has risen meanwhile. Thus, if in 1951 pensions and the cost of living are 100, and in 1952 the cost of living is 110, and in 1953 120, in 1953 pensions should rise to 110. Alternatively the scale might be lagged by percentage, so that, say, a five per cent. rise in the index means four per cent. rise in the income or price concerned. It cannot be denied that the lagged sliding scale has a certain inflationary effect. The protection of the weak, upon which the country will undoubtedly insist, is itself inflationary. But the avoidance of inflation is not the only end of economic man. Without the lagged sliding scale there is no social justice and no rational accountancy in the Age of Inflation. All charity and all social justice are inflationary; even the wholly desirable attempts of railways and house-owners to cover their costs are inflationary. In the Age of Inflation, now is never the time for reform. To stop inflation by preserving its present injustices is a policy which must never be accepted. That is to say you must not satisfy the demands of the strong by cheating the weak, and thus stop inflation by satisfying the strong. On the contrary, they must be kept so far as possible in order, for otherwise we lose all hope of righting any social grievances, even those that did not originate in rising prices. Equal pay for women, for instance, is a reform required not because of inflation but because of the past status of women; again, we need higher prices for electricity, not because the Board cannot cover its costs but because the present low prices encourage consumption and create an artificial scarcity. Yet if inflation is the only enemy both will have to wait for the millennium of stable prices along with adequate pensions and rational railway fares. The plain fact is that inflation must be accepted in moderation, so that worse evils may be righted.

In some ways the lagged sliding scale positively helps against inflation. For instance, to link National Savings and trustee securities to the cost of living would greatly encourage people to save, for their savings are then secure. The sliding scale *might* even reduce the demands of well-organised workers, for it would give them a sense of security. They might be willing to postpone their really large periodical wage claims once they had this more moderate but more automatic protection. Above all, it is not true that the injustice of inflation does deter people from acting in an inflationary manner. For those who have enough political influence to cause inflation are precisely those who do not suffer injustice. The sufferers are, almost by definition, the politically weak. The strong will be sated for a time by their successful exploitation of the weak, but when another crisis comes this may merely tempt them to repeat their success. Danegeld never kept away an invader; we need stockades, but stretcher-bearers too.

—Third Programme

Sonnet

The great road stretched before us, clear and still.
Then from in front one cried, 'Turn back! Turn back!'
We thought we had never seen so fine a track,
Honest and frank past every thought of ill.

Yet when we glanced behind, how strange, how strange,
The wild demented windings in and out—
Traced by some devil of mischief or of doubt?—
That was the road we had come by. Could it change?

How could we penetrate that perilous maze
Backwards, again, climb backwards down the scree
From the wrong side, slither among the dead?

Yet as we travelled on, for many days
These words rang in our ears as if they said,
'There was another road you did not see'.

EDWIN MUIR

An American Looks at 1951

By ELMER DAVIS

NINETEEN-FIFTY-ONE could have been far worse, and at the outset it looked as if it would be. A year ago at this time in Korea, the Chinese Communists had made another break-through; Seoul and Inchon were about to be abandoned, and the only question about the Korean war was whether our forces would be able to hold the old perimeter around Taegu and Pusan, or would be driven out of the peninsula altogether. Faced with that prospect, the United Nations Assembly had sued for peace, and on rather humiliating terms. Fortunately, the terms were not humiliating enough to suit the Chinese Communists: they would talk about an armistice only if you promised them everything they wanted beforehand; and if the peace conference were held in China. Now they are talking about an armistice, talking in Korea, where we hold far more territory above the thirty-eighth parallel than they hold below it. These negotiations may come to nothing, but the fact that they were held, and that we negotiate from a situation of relative strength, represents a vast change from the prospect that faced us just a year ago. For that change we are largely indebted to General Ridgway, to the new spirit with which he infused his army after the retreat—or, as General MacArthur prefers to call it, 'the misunderstood retrograde movement', and to the fact that Ridgway regards himself as an officer of his Government—not as an independent and sovereign power.

Britain and Korea

I take it that many people in the British Isles are not much interested in what happens in Korea, though British troops have fought very gallantly there, and have suffered heavy losses in proportion to their numbers. It is natural that a nation which has lost 3,000 men in the Korean war should be less interested in it than a nation which has lost 100,000; but I venture to believe that if the United Nations Army had been driven out of Korea, you would all have had to become interested in it, for the effects of such a misfortune would have carried far beyond Korea. Freed from the burden of maintaining the Korean campaign, the Chinese Communists could have poured their forces into Indo-China: they could have multiplied the numbers of the gunmen who are giving you trouble in the Malayan jungle; they could have moved against Burma, and perhaps Siam. Japan would have been badly shaken too. And the repercussions would not have stopped in Asia.

It is an unfortunate fact regretted by no one more than by most Americans, that the security of the western world is in large degree dependent on American military strength, its quality as well as its quantity. A year ago its quality did not look too good, and few people then realised that it looked bad only on account of General MacArthur's imprudent strategy. If the American army had been as bad as it looked a year ago, if it had been driven out of Korea, a wave of despair—if not of panic—would have swept the western world. The Atlantic Alliance might have survived in form, but the substance would have gone out of it. And the courage with which General Eisenhower, who a year ago had not begun his work, has inspired the continental nations, would have had no chance to become implanted, and to begin to grow. If 1952 starts off with fairer prospects than 1951—and I mean, above all, fairer prospects of avoiding a general war—we owe it primarily to the men who have fought the local war in Korea: not to forget also the men who are fighting in Indo-China and Malaya, in other sectors of what is clearly regarded in Peking and in Moscow—to judge from its newspapers—as a single east Asiatic war.

It is due chiefly to Korea that international affairs have dominated the interest of most Americans in the past years. But there were other reasons too. There was the long argument in the Senate last spring over the reinforcement of American troops in Europe. It was called a 'great debate' by its participants: those of us who had to listen to it recognised it as a large debate, but its quality left much to be desired. The attack on the President's powers to direct the movements of the army, powers which had been exercised many times in the past without serious challenge, was led by Senator Taft, who succeeded in involving himself in even more contradictions than usual. And also, as usual, many wild and

whirling words were spoken of the sort that we are used to, but which our friends abroad may take more seriously than they deserve. The outcome was in substance a victory for the President. Mr. Hoover's proposal that we retire under the bed, there to erect a new Gibraltar, was rejected even by most of his own party. The Senate approved the sending of all the troops the President intended to send under present conditions, but told him to consult Congress before he sends any more. This declaration has no constitutional force. If he proposed to send more at a time when the need was not clearly apparent, Congress could refuse to appropriate money for their transport and maintenance; but it seems unlikely that the question in that form will ever arise.

Before this debate was over there began another, which, if not greater, was far more bitter, the argument over General MacArthur. His removal and his return evoked such an outburst of hysterical virulence as had never been seen in this country before. The whole outburst came from a minority of the people, and it died out almost as quickly as it had begun—died out, or was smothered by the Senate Committee hearings, conducted with admirable impartiality and skill by Senator Russell. Many people undoubtedly changed their minds after reading the evidence; more, I am afraid, confronted with millions of words of testimony, merely lost interest and became bored with the whole affair. But the hearings did quiet the country down. They did so, however, at a great price. To convince people that MacArthur was wrong, we had to expose to the world all the framework of our military and political thinking, secrets worth more to an enemy than a bomb site or a proximity fuse.

American military production has not gone as fast this year as it should, for various reasons, but chiefly because of the lack of that sense of urgency which is hard for any nation to acquire when it is engaged only in a remote and local war. Next year, it is promised, production will go faster. As for general economic conditions, taxes are higher than they have ever been in peace time, but not yet high enough. Prices are high and it is doubtful if the Government can keep them from going higher when so many interests with friends in Congress are in favour of holding down all prices but their own. But aside from prices—and such local temporary unemployment as has resulted from the change-over from civilian to military production—few people in this country have yet suffered any serious inconvenience from rearmament. They are likely to feel it considerably more next year.

The Coming Election

We are at the beginning of a year of a presidential election, and in such years, ordinarily, not much else gets done. Congressional sessions have been running almost the year round. But this next one cannot run much past the party conventions in July, for most men will want to get home and campaign for re-election. It is hardly to be expected that Congress will do more than pass the necessary Appropriation Bills; and not always as the Administration wants them. The President and his advisers want more economic aid to Europe next year, even at the cost of reducing military aid. Congress, pretty certainly, will insist on having it the other way round. The President intends to present once more his programme of domestic reforms. He presents it every year and Congress never does anything about it. But that does not necessarily mean that he would be defeated if he decided to run again, or that his party would necessarily be defeated with another candidate.

The Democrats may be defeated this time, but it is not likely to be on their domestic programme. The cry of 'Socialism' is too obviously silly to scare many voters; nor, so far as can now be seen, is it likely to be on foreign issues. The conquest of China by communism was a serious blow to American interests, but those who believe we could have prevented it are more noisy than numerous. What might defeat this Administration could be the disclosures of official corruption. In dimensions, it is not to be compared with the classic scandals of the Grant and Harding Administrations, but it affects a very sensitive spot—the Tax Collecting Agency—and to some of us its very pettiness

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The Listener

What They Are Saying

'Peace on earth' in communist broadcasts

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rates (including postage): inland and overseas, £1. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this number: inland and overseas, 1½d. Subscriptions should be sent to the B.B.C. Publications Offices, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or any newsagent.

Freedom and Power

LORD RADCLIFFE's Reith Lectures on 'Power and the State' have aroused very great interest, one mark of that interest being the criticisms to which they have been subjected. We publish today a brief critical commentary upon them by Mr. William Pickles. In general the main charge against the lectures appears to have been that while they provided a valuable historical analysis of a major political problem, they were lacking in any constructive conclusions. Of course that is a common failing among both political and metaphysical philosophers. It is always easier to knock down the notions of other men than to build up novelties which others will not knock down as easily. But one is not sure whether that criticism is altogether fair to Lord Radcliffe. In his first lecture he asked the question: 'What really prevents men who have authority from abusing their authority?' He then proceeded to show that a number of solutions had been offered, but that none of them was logically satisfying or had in practice worked. Thus he appeared to decide that in order to prevent the abuse of authority we must fall back on the restraint and wisdom of the men who are chosen to exercise power; we must trust that they will use it in the spirit of Plato's Guardians or the better British rulers of India and not as the tyrants new or old, the Neros or the Hitlers.

It is this dark and, to his mind, doubtful conclusion that Mr. Pickles politely attacks. One can well see that to many it is a conclusion that is no more convincing than those of political philosophers who have argued for the existence of various means of restraining the state power, ranging through the Natural Law of the Middle Ages, the Natural Rights of John Locke, and the Separation of Powers enshrined in the American Constitution. Admittedly it may be said that Lord Radcliffe places reliance on men's virtue, while St. Thomas Aquinas, John Locke, and Thomas Jefferson were talking about ideas, but after all their ideas have in fact been embodied in historical faiths which are still passionately held in many parts of the world. For is it not because the Church is still widely venerated, because the decisions of law courts are still broadly respected, and because the American Constitution and Supreme Court are still functioning, that executive power, at any rate in democratic nations, is effectively restrained?

The theory of the all-embracing benevolent state free from these restraints, as expounded by Plato, by Rousseau, and by Hegel, has always had an attraction for noble minds and for young idealists; but such a state has not yet existed in the history of mankind, while the dangers of supreme and untrammelled power being given to a group of men, however well intending, to rule over their fellows have been seen and realised. Political thinkers like L. T. Hobhouse and Harold Laski, omitted by Lord Radcliffe from his discussion, who were by no means enemies of a welfare state, were always concerned about the perils that lurked beneath such entrancing idealism. Laski argued that the state, far from being the organic entity envisaged by Hegel, was but the first among the many associations freely formed by men. Even now men can and do leave one democratic state and become citizens of another. And within every democratic community are bodies and associations, ranging from the press to the pulpit, from the parish vestry to the union chapel, which can and do exert pressure, directly or through parliament, upon the government to rule not merely according to what a chosen few believe to be right but also in accordance with the wishes of masses of people. If we accept that line of argument, we in democratic nations may well be wise to treasure the balance of powers that we have inherited from our ancestors, but also to recall that every generation needs to fight again for its freedom.

LAST WEEK CHRISTMAS and the approaching New Year provided communist commentators with a new peg upon which to hang the 'peace' campaign. Moscow broadcasts for abroad quoted a number of Christmas messages from various Church leaders—all emphasising 'the sacred duty of Christians to work for peace'. An example of the political capital which these broadcasts tried to make out of the significance of Christmas came in a message from the General Secretary of the U.S.S.R. Council of Evangelical Baptists, quoted in Moscow's foreign broadcasts, which stated that 'Christ himself would sign the five-power peace pact'. A Moscow broadcast in German alleged that an east-German Father Christmas, while distributing presents to western Germany, was arrested and thrown into prison for having spoken about peace and unity. This theme—that only Christians in the communist world were faithful to the Christian message of peace—was repeated in Christmas broadcasts from the satellite countries. Thus, a broadcast from the Soviet zone of Germany described Adenauer, kneeling at midnight Mass:

hypocritically casting his eyes to heaven, praying for peace on earth and goodwill towards men, while in his pocket you can hear the rustling of the draft Bill which he proposes to whip through Parliament in January which will bring call-up orders for hundreds of thousands of young west Germans, their title-deed to a mass grave.

The Christmas message, continued the broadcast, was a 'demand and a duty to fight for peace on earth', as the Chinese, Koreans, and Egyptian 'patriots' were fighting. Another east-German broadcast spoke of the many west Germans 'compelled to meditate in prison solely because they demanded peace on earth'.

In spite of all this alleged devotion to the spirit of Christmas in the communist half of Germany, another Soviet-zone broadcast stated that the Brandenburg steel plant had exceeded its production target by 35.3 per cent. on Christmas Day; while a Czechoslovak broadcast alleged that 4,000 workers had 'voluntarily' foregone their Christmas holiday to speed up completion of the Gottwald steelworks. (It was also stated that the Skoda works had been renamed the V. I. Lenin works.) Yet another broadcast from Czechoslovakia, quoting the Bratislava *Pravda*, was very much out of line with the professed respect for the Christian Christmas in other communist broadcasts. It stated:

Christmas is no longer an occasion for sentimentally remembering the legend of a child's birth in a stable. We are living in an epoch which is witnessing the birth of the new man.

Another misfire concerned the Pope's Christmas message. Before this was broadcast to the world, a Moscow broadcast in Italian said that one could guess just what the Pope's address would be about: it would closely resemble the anti-communist declarations of the Atlantic Treaty leaders. (It added that the Vatican was a vast capitalist combine, whose revenues were obtained in part from the sale of Coca-cola, gambling at Monte Carlo, and from 'houses of entertainment in Rio de Janeiro'.) After the Pope had delivered his Christmas message, however, a 'Russian Hour' broadcast from Vienna radio stated that the Pope had called for a reduction of armaments by all countries—the very demand raised by Vyshinsky at Paris and voted down there by the American bloc.

The 'peace' theme was also the core of communist commentaries reviewing the year 1951. Moscow radio, quoting *Pravda*, claimed that the year had witnessed a new and mighty upsurge of Soviet peaceful economy and strength, while, in contrast, the mad armaments race had further weakened the camp of war.

Soviet home listeners were informed, in another broadcast, that 'the influence of the Atlantic coalition has weakened in 1951, as compared with 1950' and, stressing the theme of Anglo-American rivalry, it was stated that 'U.S. imperialism is tightening the noose around the neck of her ancient rival'. The 'peace' theme cropped up again in Soviet broadcasts in praise of those who have just been awarded the Stalin Peace Prize. Listeners in England were told that the portrait of Monica Felton had appeared in the leading Moscow papers, while *Izvestia* had described how, 'not flinching in the face of the hounding and persecution to which she was subjected by the British diehards and the right-wing Labour leaders', Mrs. Felton had told the public the truth about the 'aggression and monstrous atrocities' in Korea.

Did You Hear That?

A PLEA FOR HARLEQUIN

'WHEN PANTOMIME REALLY WAS PANTOMIME, when it was really a thing of immortal magic and a slice of Fairyland visible to our eyes, it had a king', said W. MACQUEEN POPE in a Home Service talk. 'His name was Harlequin. He ruled his fantastic kingdom of topsy-turvydom in regal style, the lord and master of it all. He had nothing to do with real life, he had nothing to do with reality. He was pagan, perhaps, but in his veins ran the ichor of the gods, and, like them, he had just the same touch of weaknesses of the flesh to make him lovable and increase his fascination. He could, and did, transform life into fantasy and make you forget the world.'

He was a king in a time of kings and his majesty was complete. He was romance personified. But with Harlequin—as with other monarchs—other times, other manners. One must remember that many younger people have never seen a Harlequinade. There were four chief characters—

Clown, Pantaloon (the clown's old father), Columbine (who was the eternal embodiment of feminine charm), and Harlequin. He was the spirit of magic, of romance, of the world of illusion. He was a glorious figure—in his skin-tight suit, with either a gold or silver foundation, bespangled with lozenges of green, red, blue, and black, glittering like jewels, his black skull cap, his black mask, and his sword of lath—which was his very magic wand. And he always beat the Clown, who was of the earth, earthy, whilst Harlequin was an immortal spirit.

'It was the Harlequinade from which pantomime, as we know it now, was evolved. Harlequin got into English drama about the time of James I, when a troop of Venetian comedians visited London, led by one Arlecchino. He played the Clown but he grew into Harlequin. The first mention of Harlequin, as such, is in the description of a masque performed before Charles I and the Court at Whitehall in 1637, on the Sunday after Twelfth Night. Harlequin suffered with the rest of the figures of the theatre when Cromwell closed down the playhouses, but he was back again with the Restoration, a fitting companion for the Merry Monarch, and was very much to the fore when pantomime—in something of the form in which we know it now—was born at Drury Lane Theatre in 1702. And as soon as pantomime became established, Harlequin was the star role.

'Alas, Harlequin, Clown, Pantaloon, and Columbine are there no longer. Harlequin is dead. But why should the children of today, who are at heart exactly the same as the children of the years gone by, be robbed of the magic which Harlequin brought to pantomime? Today the comics reign in pantomime. Are the children very amused at political gags, at sexy suggestions, at jokes about income tax? Let them see Harlequin and his works again. His mask of invisibility has been turned down too long. Let us turn it up—let him and his merry rout rush forward with their cry of "Here we are again!"—

and watch the faces of the children who still believe that there is goodness in the world. I entreat the kings of pantomime to reinstate the real king'.

'THE KING CAN DO NO WRONG'

A saying that has almost become a proverb is 'The King can do no wrong'. 'The interesting point about this', said DUDLEY PERKINS in a Light Programme talk, 'is that, properly understood, it was true for centuries. And it only became untrue in 1947. It meant that the King could not be sued in his own Courts. No one could bring a

civil action for damages, nor a criminal prosecution against the King. And this did not mean only that the King personally could not be brought before his own Courts as a defendant. It meant much more: that the Crown, representing the total of all the rights of Government, could not be sued, either.

'If you were unwise enough to be knocked down by a Post Office van, you could not sue the Postmaster-General for damages. You could only go for the driver of the van. What a contrast with the position if you were knocked down by a van belonging to a newspaper on its way to deliver the papers! You would not waste powder and shot on a driver who could not pay. You would sue the boss. If the driver was negligent, the owner of the newspaper would be legally liable on the principle that an employer is held responsible for civil wrongs committed by his servants in the course of their employment. But a Minister of the Crown could not be proceeded against.

'As so often, our sense of justice found a way round this problem. It became an understood thing that if you were awarded damages against the driver of the Post Office van, the Treasury would pay up—as an act of grace. It was an

unwritten custom, always honoured. And if a subject of the Crown alleged a breach of contract or wrongful seizure of his property by a Government department there were other ways—for example a petition of right—in which he could get his case before the Courts.

'All this was contrived without in any way affecting the theory that the King could do no wrong. But the various devices which allowed practical justice to be done when people suffered harm through the negligence or other wrongful act of the King's Ministers or servants were ruined in 1947. There were times when someone had to be put up as a dummy defendant. If there was an accident in an ordnance factory, the person to be sued was the Minister of Supply. But the old rule prevented this. So someone connected with the factory was put up as a nominal defendant, regardless of the question whether he had any legal responsibility or not. He did not mind, because the Treasury stood behind him.

'This fictitious arrangement came before the Courts twice in 1946. The House of Lords—sitting as the highest Court—apparently made up



Scene from the pantomime, 'King of the Castle, or Harlequin Prince Diamond and Princess Brighteyes', presented at the Princess's Theatre, London, in 1858

R. Mander and J. Mitchenson Collection

their minds to bring matters to a head. They said outspokenly that they could not recognise this arrangement for a nominal or dummy defendant, when the real person to be defendant was the Crown. The Courts, they said, could not by law try the Crown: therefore they could and would not try a mere nominee for the Crown. To bring the actual culprit before the Courts was not against the rule—the van-driver, for example, could be brought to court. But to put up someone else was a fiction and contrary to the law.

'In the face of this something had to be done—and done quickly. So a new Act of Parliament was passed in 1947 which made it possible for the Crown and the Departments of Government to be taken to Court and sued for civil wrongs. His Majesty is not to be made liable in his personal capacity, but the Crown as the head of the state can now be sued. To that extent, it is no longer true to say that the King can do no wrong'.

THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN AGAIN

RICHARD MARSH, a British mountaineer who has climbed the Himalayas, spoke about the Abominable Snowman in 'The Eye-Witness'.

'It was about this time last year', he said, 'sitting round a log fire, 12,000 feet up under the snows of Nanga Parbat—one of the great Himalayan mountains—that my Sherpa porters told me there quite definitely was such a thing as an Abominable Snowman. From what they told me about it I built up in my mind's eye a picture of a naked and hairy creature, half human and half gorilla, with its knees bent in the manner of some prehistoric man and its ragged hair waving like a mane in the icy winds. "There are two kinds of snowman", the Sherpas said, "a little one who eats small animals, and a big one—the real thing—who eats men and yaks". They said that everyone who saw it died shortly afterwards. They told me that almost everyone who left their home village, set under the slopes of Mount Everest, and who did not return, had undoubtedly died from an encounter with it.

'They did not like having their legs pulled about the snowman. And they were not happy when I pointed at the tracks of a fox in the snow, and laughingly said, "Ah! Yeti" (the Sherpa word for snowman). When they said that it walked with its heels first, I asked them if this was designed to make it easier for him to climb mountains or whether it was designed to lead people astray who tried to follow him into his lair; and again they were not amused. They repeated time and again that there was such a thing as an Abominable Snowman and that it was well not to investigate its existence too closely.

'However, the zoologists have always smiled wryly at suggestions that there is such a thing as a snowman, abominable or otherwise. The anthropologists, too. But there is evidence of some strange sort of animal high up in the Himalayas. Since 1921, there have been recurring stories of tracks found in the snow 20,000 feet up and many miles from food or habitation. There is a "cast" of a footprint in a slab of rock in a monastery in Tibet, and it must date from prehistoric times. And now there are photographs of these strange footprints.

'One reliable report of the track of some strange animal was made by Colonel Howard-Bury, who was leader of the 1921 Everest expedition. He came across them at a height of 21,000 feet. Another set of footprints were seen by a traveller in Burma, and that was in 1936. The late Mr. Frank Smythe saw and photographed yet another set in 1937. And in the same year the explorer, Mr. Tilman, found tracks of some strange animal in the Karakoram. It was subsequently proved that the tracks Smythe photographed were those of a bear, but that did not solve the whole mystery.

'No satisfactory explanation has yet been found for the tracks seen in Burma or for those seen by Mr. Tilman over 1,000 miles away the following year. He noted that the tracks were roughly circular, about a foot across, nine inches deep and eighteen inches apart, and he said that whatever else they were, they certainly were not those of a bear.

Photographs brought back from the Himalayas last week revived interest in this strange creature who wanders among the high snows of the Himalayas. Zoologists suggest that they were made by a monkey, or possibly a bear with the abominable name of *Ursus Arctos Pruiinosus*. But the world will be the poorer if they prove to be right'.

PLANNING A NEW RESERVOIR

'How long does it take for a reservoir to come to birth', asked GEORGE BERTRAM in a West of England Home Service talk, 'so that if the need arises the water is available for use?' The time, of course, varies but at a fair average about twenty years will elapse from the time the reservoir is first 'thought of' until the time it is 'born'.

'This thinking ahead centres on two problems: the first problem is what the population to be supplied is likely to be at the end of twenty or thirty years; and the second problem is what quantity of water this population will require if all their reasonable needs are to be met.

'The present population of any large city is known within a small margin of error. But what will the population be in twenty or thirty years' time? The water engineer has to make the best estimate he can with the help of all the available facts. He asks himself: "is the

population likely to remain at about the present level, or will it increase or decrease, and if it does, at what rate each year?" He will consider whether the city is situated so that new big factories are likely to be attracted to it with a new inflow of workers. Again, if new factories are built, will they be the kind that will need large volumes of water? Then he will seek assistance from the Registrar-General, who may be able to say what in his opinion the natural increase in population is likely to be.

'There is no doubt that each year people are using more water than the year before—they are getting cleaner, owing in part to the additional facilities in the new houses. The rate of increase in this demand for past years will give a clue to the probable requirements for the years to come, but what would happen if the education of people in hygiene results in their taking more baths?

'Summoning all his technical knowledge and fortified by his experience of the locality he serves, the engineer will forecast what quantity of water he would be required to supply for each of the twenty or thirty years ahead, assuming that the dreaded three-dry-year period might arrive at least once or twice during that time. As the result

of all this thinking ahead the engineer is convinced that a new reservoir should be provided not later than a certain date. Now his task is to convince his Board of Management of its urgency'.

THE HEMLOCK STONE

'A few miles west of Nottingham, near the village of Bramcote stands the Hemlock Stone', said K. V. BAILEY in 'Nottinghamshire Miscellany'. 'By tradition it is associated with Druids and with the Devil; more properly it figures in many a text book of geology as a peculiar example of what wind and weather can do. It is the core of a hill left standing as a lone, weather-scarred pillar while the rest of the summit has gone, eroded away through millions of years' onslaught by rain, wind, and frost. The hill is composed of a soft, new red sandstone. So is the Hemlock Stone, but the material of the overhanging cap of the pillar has been cemented by barium sulphate, and this natural cement has protected the underlying rock. The column has stood while, particle by particle, the less resistant sandstone has been scoured away. Nothing could show more strikingly how the face of England is being levelled down over vast stretches of time.

'Dr. Timothy Spencer-Hall, who lived about 100 years ago, said that when he was a young boy he had heard old people recalling that in their young days fires were lit every year on the Hemlock Stone on Beltane Eve, that is on May 1. The Beltane fires, like those of midsummer, which another writer associates with the Hemlock Stone, were survivals from pagan religious rites, and, with many other customs perpetuated on and around Hallowe'en, crackled off witchcraft'.



Footprint of the 'snowman' compared with an ice-axe measuring twelve-and-a-half inches across. This photograph was taken by Mr. Eric Shipton, leader of the Everest reconnaissance expedition

Journey in the Middle East—IV

The Lost People of Jordan

By JULIAN DUGUID

ON a hot Sunday morning I came to the Mandelbaum Gate: that sad point in Jerusalem where Israel and Jordan meet. It is not a gate at all, but a desolate stretch of land made ugly with barbed wire and tank-traps. At one end is a Jewish sentry in a neat little wooden box. At the other, beyond a rise in the ground, is a corporal of the Arab Legion. They are a hundred yards apart, but they cannot see one another; and no one seems to know what has happened to Mr. and Mrs. Mandelbaum, who once owned the houses which have now been levelled by shell-fire.

It is a dreary and uncomfortable spot: but no more dreary and uncomfortable than the present uneasy cease-fire between the new Republic of Israel and the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan. This quarrel of Arab and Jew was encountered even in London. Not one of the Arab States—Egypt, the Lebanon, Syria, Iraq, and Jordan—would allow me to land in their countries if I held an Israeli visa. They do not recognise Israel: they claim Palestine is still Arab territory. As I trailed round the Arab Legations before starting on this complicated journey, I wondered how St. Paul would have managed in our progressive civilisation. He was a Jew born in Tarsus, which is now a town in Turkey. He could, of course, have emigrated to Israel; but his trip from Jerusalem to Damascus would then have become impossible. He could not even have set out from the Old City of Jerusalem, which is held by the Arab Legion. No Jew can walk inland from Israel in any direction whatever. The only way St. Paul could have done it would have been to remember his Roman citizenship and travel on an Italian passport. His life would have been in danger, because Jews are not welcome beyond Jordan; but he would be permitted to travel.

It was against this background of hatred that I passed through the Mandelbaum Gate on that hot Sunday morning. Old Jerusalem was tingling with rumours. Its narrow streets and steep little covered alleyways were funnels for the wild and the improbable, which might also turn out to be true. I heard who was going to be assassinated, who had just escaped being assassinated by a bomb in a triumphal arch, and how King Abdullah had been murdered. I went to El Aksa Mosque and saw where the king had fallen. There were bullet-holes in the windows twenty feet above the great main door: while across some acres of carpet at the far end of the mosque was a genuine eighteenth-century English grandfather clock. The Turks had bought them by the dozen when they ruled this part of Palestine.

I have mentioned this business of rumours because it seems to me rather important. The Arabs are sensitive and proud. They are not at all good at propaganda; and they are stewing in a brew of grievances. Every Arab whom I met in Jordan, and I spoke to everyone I could,



The road from Jerusalem to Jericho, near the inn of the Good Samaritan



Arab children in a refugee camp near Jericho

has a feeling of frustration and betrayal. Their tradition of courtesy to guests made them personally charming to me; but when I asked them to state their troubles they answered with brutal frankness. I was glad they felt able to do so. Yet, we should not try them too high. They have been our allies in war. We led them to suppose that they would have their independence. Already, their young people are saying that the west has let them down and that Moscow might deal with them more fairly.

Their case deserves to be heard in the glaring light in which they see it. Until Allenby entered Jerusalem in 1917, Palestine was a Turkish province. When the British took it over as a Mandate, its population was ninety-three per cent. Arab and seven per cent. Jew. A year or so later, it was disclosed that our Government 'looked with favour on the establishment of a Jewish National Home in Palestine, it being clearly understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities. . . .'. We had also, it soon appeared, offered it to the Arabs in return for their help to Colonel Lawrence. From that moment, the Arabs were outclassed. The Jews had more powerful ears into which to pour their ambitions: more money for world-wide propaganda. When the Mandate was eclipsed under pressure of illegal immigration—after

President Truman in an election year had made a personal intervention—the numbers of Arabs and Jews in what became Israel were roughly equal.

Then followed the proclamation of the State of Israel and the Arab-Jewish war. On the same day, May 15, 1948, the five Arab States sent their armies into Israel. The Israelis won that war; and as a result there are now eighty-six per cent. Jews in Israel and only fourteen per cent. Arabs. The rest are refugees, who live either in the Gaza strip or in the countries beyond Jordan. It is not my business here to assess the blame for this. The Jews were under the pressure of 6,000,000 persecuted dead. They wanted to get out of Europe. They passed the pressure on to the American Government, and to the British, and they won the day in Israel. It is true that they offered citizenship to any Arabs who remained; but the Arabs were wary of the Jews. Moreover, it did not occur to them that they would not win the war. They did not know Jews could fight. They expected a three-week victory, with the Jews hurled into the sea. It was a sad and a miserable affair, but apportioning blame will not cure it.

I left the Old City of Jerusalem by taxi from Herod's Gate and took the road to Jericho. Past the shoulder of the Mount of Olives the country grows wilder and more formidable. Across the rift of the Jordan valley are the barren mountains of Moab, at their feet a long, thin strip and a glimpse of the Dead Sea. It is a perfect land for banditry; and as we hurtled down the ravine, where a notice said simply 'Sea Level', I wondered how the Good Samaritan had not been molested too. The silent hills, the gigantic boulders, the slope of the pale dry watercourses, were ideal cover for robbers. The road straightened out at the bottom and ran north past a huge refugee camp to the orange groves of Jericho. At this point I was more than 1,200 feet below the Mediterranean coast line. My ears were popping uncomfortably after the quick descent from Jerusalem. It was hot, and no wind was blowing. I crossed the Jordan near Jericho by the famous Allenby Bridge. A camel, laden with brushwood, came swaying slowly and arrogantly, forcing the taxi to wait. The river is not impressive: a placid, brownish stream some twenty yards wide, flowing between ranks of willows. Then the car picked up speed, and we climbed through the mountains of Moab to Amman, the capital of Jordan.

Amman is a fantastic city. It has increased in the past three years from 40,000 inhabitants to 170,000—most of them refugees. It hangs on both faces of a gorge; and its streets rise in loops to the level plains on top. Some very odd things have happened to cars with defective brakes. They have dived through the roofs of the fine stone houses a loop or two below. It was on the lip of one part of this gorge, within sight of the royal palace, that I saw where King Abdullah is buried. He lies under the floor of a tent, with a single guard on duty; while a bare-footed servant attends to the flowers in vases on the Persian carpet. It looked simple and strangely dignified in the hot Arabian sunlight. Presently, a mosque will be erected.

I never met anyone more lost than the good people of Jordan. As I passed from man to man, at every level of society, I could feel a mounting despair. They do not know what will happen to them. They have no foreseeable future. There is nothing their statesmen can do that will bring them even moderate prosperity. They are a poor, small, undeveloped country, with nothing much to offer on the free markets of

the world. They have only their British connection, which is largely strategic, to prevent them from starving to death. I mean this simply and literally. Before the war with Israel, they had 400,000 inhabitants. Now, with the partition of Palestine, they have a second 400,000 on the west bank of Jordan: plus 467,000 refugees, who are kept alive and no more by the food doled out by the United Nations Relief and Works Agency. It is as if Britain, with no export trade at all, had 55,000,000 people suddenly dumped on her economy.

I found a few hot-headed young men who longed for 'the second round': a new outbreak of war which would drive the Jews out of Palestine. They led me most eagerly to a map and showed where the thrust would come: in the narrowest part of Israel, across the plain from Tulkarm to Nathanya. The leaders have no such illusions. They know Israel is there to stay; and, although they may hope that Israel's economy may blow up under strain from unrestricted immigration, they are not counting on that. They are not counting on anything. As they see it with wide-open eyes, there is nothing left to count on. They no longer trust the British, who promised them Palestine and failed them. They are polite and rather sad. They behave as people do when a trusted friend has disappointed them. They do not know where to turn: what to say to their refugees to give them hope for the future.

This not-knowing-what-to-say is at the back of most of the manoeuvres that puzzle the outside world. The leaders, at any rate in Jordan, would welcome any way out which gave them a reasonable bargain. They said to me again and again: 'What can we do? We know that Israel is there to stay. We know that Britain and America would never allow us to attack her. But tell us what to do. We have 467,000 refugees in the country. What do you suppose they are thinking? They are remembering a little house in Jaffa, which is now occupied by Jews. Or an orange-grove, or a piece of land, which is now worked by



Amman, capital of the kingdom of Jordan

Jews. Do we dare to tell these people, who have nothing to cling to but the past, that the Jews are there for ever? Of course not. In the absence of anything constructive, we tell them they will soon be back. Wouldn't you?' I would, indeed! But I should not expect such talk to satisfy the refugees for more than another year or so. Nor do the leaders of Jordan. They are quite aware of the communists, who help to fill in the leisure-time of those who would like to work with pipe-dreams smoked in Moscow. Frankly, the leaders of Jordan are wondering how long it will be before this human dynamite explodes. I spoke to a British General, who is head of U.N.R.W.A. in Amman. He gave it, at the most, two years.

The position of Jordan is unique among all the Arab States, which profess such undying comradeship. It is the poorest, the most isolated, the most barren. Yet, to its honour, it welcomed into full citizenship more than half the entire number of all the refugees. The Lebanon and Syria, with Iraq, could do much more than they have done. Syria, with the necessary capital, could irrigate land near Aleppo sufficient for all Jordan's refugees. Let me end on a practical note. Responsibility for what happened in Palestine falls squarely on two big nations. The British, who promised the Arabs: and the Americans who put pressure on us. I do not blame the Jews. The problem is bigger than that. For, unless the Americans and ourselves can heal the wounds we created when the Arabs crossed the Jordan, we shall have to pay most bitterly when the sores begin to fester.—Home Service

The Coming of Heredity

By C. D. DARLINGTON

WE are all, I hope, familiar with the idea, and some of us have experience of the fact, that a parent may bequeath, or hand down, to us a piece of land, or a gold watch, or some other material possession. This is what we call inheritance; and the process of bequeathing and inheriting property has been known among men for 10,000 or perhaps 100,000 years. But there is another idea, to which we give the name inheritance. It is a much newer idea and we are by no means so certain of it. This is what we call the inheritance of our own characters.

For as long as the records exist people have been trying to disentangle this more difficult idea of the natural inheritance of characters from the easier idea of the legal inheritance of property. It was indeed less than 100 years ago that a certain retired railway engineer, Herbert Spencer, had the good sense to use a distinct word, the word heredity, for the property of inheritance in living things. This word, for the first time, distinguished a natural from a legal process. For the first time, also, it made the assumption that plants and animals, no less than men, took after their parents by some rules or laws of nature.

Shall 'the Children's Teeth Be Set on Edge'?

Unequipped with this simple little distinction—which did not exist in Latin or Greek—our forefathers were apt to be confused when they talked about heredity. They had strong views on the matter but even when, like Aristotle or the Ionian philosophers, they put down their views in writing, the results did not always hang together. The same applies to the Old Testament prophets who in this, as in other respects, are most emphatic in their opinions. To Moses it was evident that the sins of the fathers should be, and would be, visited on their children and likewise on their grandchildren. But, later, to Ezekiel and Jeremiah, the inheritance of the effects of sin was by no means a foregone conclusion. 'The fathers have eaten sour grapes', they said, but the children's teeth shall *not* be set on edge. Shall they, or shall they not? This is the question, moral or biological as it may be, that has been argued back and forth ever since that time.

In ancient times, practical breeders as well as prophets were interested in these things. Stock-breeders were eager to make use of any trick that came to their knowledge; and the tricks they used show that it was the older idea of Moses that they subscribed to. In the Book of Genesis, Jacob tells us—although he took care not to tell his father-in-law, Laban—exactly how it works. He shows how he can make the ewes bear striped lambs by giving them a glimpse of striped bark. He has to show it to them (so he says) at the moment they are being tupped. He believes that a sharp impression on the mind of the mother, albeit not a highly imaginative mother, will break the colour of the newly begotten lamb. Practical men have nearly always held views of this sort. And practical women, too. Dickens' Mrs. Gamp, and millions of other mothers, have held that the impression of some shocking sight seen by a pregnant woman will leave its mark on the body of the child. Philosophers and cultivators of the soil have thought long and deeply about the same problems in plants. Plants do not register any visual impressions. But they have other experiences. Theophrastus said 2,000 years ago that manure and cultivation will turn the unimproved wild plant, and he was naturally thinking of olives, into the heavy-yielding tree of the garden. And almost all practical gardeners today believe the same. It seems so obvious and it explains so much.

Yet, when you think about it, how does it work? If you believe such things other questions, other difficulties, arise. When you have married a widow, will the children be really yours? Or will they bear some influence of her first husband? With many cattle-breeders in our country, as well as in others, this is not a doubt. It is a certainty. Aristotle has a lot to say about it. To explain such things, people had repeated what must surely be the oldest of all biological theories, the commonsense theory, the *direct* theory, of heredity. It was that the parent is represented in his (or her) entirety in the seed or germ. The seed or germ is a model into which the parent is condensed in all his parts. Messengers from every organ are gathered into the seed repre-

senting the whole body. So that when the offspring grows up it shows the characters of the parent in their full development, as they were when the offspring was begotten. But Aristotle does not like this theory. And he points out that a seed may grow into a plant bearing a fruit, such as a plum or an apple, like that of the parent. Yet the seed was itself formed before the fruit that bore it was ripe. How then could some messengers have carried the character of the fruit into the seed?

The point was well made and the problem remained to tantalise enquiring men. Long, long after Aristotle, we hear the French philosopher, Montaigne, remarking that his father suffered from the stone. And *he* suffers from the stone. He must have inherited this weakness from his father. Yet his father developed the stone a good twenty-five years after having begotten the young Montaigne! How could such a mere potentiality be determined, determined at a great distance of time, and just by a drop of fluid, the drop of semen which is his only organic connection, his only material connection, with his father?

To thoughtful men the 'direct' theory of heredity presented as many problems as it solved. But those who wanted a quick solution have always accepted it. When, at the end of the eighteenth century, a theory was needed to explain how plants and animals had become diversified in the course of descent from simple common ancestors, by the process that we now call evolution, then naturalists promptly assumed direct inheritance. They had no compunctions. They took it for granted, without troubling about little philosophic difficulties, that the entire characters acquired by each individual during life are directly handed down to his offspring. This is how the angry stag has grown his horns, said the French evolutionist, Lamarck. And equally the hungry giraffe by stretching his neck to eat the leaves of the palm trees has grown to be the tallest of animals. Darwin, in his turn, thought he could not do without the theory of messengers of heredity carrying acquired characters to the seed. He christened it pangenesis. And, in our time, the Russian, Lysenko, unconcerned about discovering the past but deeply concerned about controlling the future, and believing that bad conditions will turn one species into another, wheat into rye, has written a book to show how it happens.

It is not impossible for us to believe these things as long as we see the processes of reproduction only with the naked eye. Aristotle or Montaigne might well believe that the semen was merely fluid; and that it did its work as a vapour, the *aura seminalis*. So long as men trusted to their eyes alone it was very natural for them to think that the reproductive effects arose through the 'prolific virtue' of the semen of animals or of the 'spermatic globules' (the pollen, as we call it) of plants. The belief that humours and essences and principles were the agents of all natural processes is the common-sense view and the naked-eye view. And it exists almost everywhere today, except among those who are accustomed to using powerful microscopes.

The Microscope Penetrates into a New World

When we use high magnifying powers, multiplying in area by 1,000,000 we find something very unexpected. We find that the complicated structures seen in living things with the naked eye become not less complicated but more so under the microscope. We do not find that the patterns become simpler by enlargement. Quite the reverse. They reveal a new and unforeseen order of organisation. Instead of the translucent fluid of the semen we see a world of animalcules. We see the spermatozoa. Instead of the yellow powder of the pollen we find a mass of grains, each of them as large, as creased, and as furrowed as a man's hand. And within each a globular body, the nucleus. And, within the nucleus, threads, protein strings, strings of reproductive materials, the ultimate materials, the chromosomes, as we call them, that govern the life of the pollen grain, and of all other cells like pollen grains, of which plants and animals are made up. With the microscope we penetrate into a new world, a world of small particles. A world of cells and nuclei and chromosomes. These are not fluids or humours, principles or essences. They are solid bodies. And it is they that carry whatever is responsible for heredity.

Lamarck did not accept the view that heredity was carried by the sperm, or pollen, at all. He thought it all came through the egg, through the female. And Darwin did not accept the view that animals and plants were simply made up of cells. He was still by no means free from the idea of principles and humours. Neither Lamarck nor Darwin could ever think in terms of what one sees through a microscope. Neither, therefore, could ever think of heredity as we think of it, in terms of particles of matter.

The new idea of cells first struck the imagination of the scientific world a little more than 100 years ago, in 1840. It utterly transformed the outlook of the younger generation. The old idea that animals and plants behaved as they did because their humours and essences were balanced to fulfil the harmony of nature, in accordance with a divine purpose, gave place to an opposite view; in fact to the opposite view, that they were composed of material particles which had to behave as they did because they were made like that. It gave place to the view that the character of a living creature might be determined by its material composition and structure, a composition and structure which might be tested by experiment, and seen under the microscope. So it was that the principles of heredity came to be discovered at this time, by one man, and at one stroke. It was the Austrian monk, Gregor Mendel, a man experienced in the use of the microscope, who in 1865 showed the three great properties of heredity. These properties conflicted so entirely with popular belief, then and now—and here I am saying what I think—that they have never been fully understood to this day. What are these properties?

Mendel's Experiments

Mendel's method was to breed plants experimentally. He showed that if you cross two pure-breeding varieties of peas the offspring are uniform. And they may resemble the mother plant in one respect, the father in another. But, when these offspring, hybrids as Mendel called them, are themselves bred together, they produce progeny which are not uniform. They show all possible recombinations of the characters of the grandparents. That is, what is lost or latent in the first generation, reappears unchanged but in new combinations in the second generation. The conclusions that Mendel drew from this experiment were sensational. Something, he said, must *determine* the character of each plant in each respect. This something must be handed down from generation to generation. It must be double in each plant, one element coming from each parent, the two corresponding elements being separated when the germ cells are formed. In a hybrid, only one element, the dominant partner, expresses itself, while the other, the recessive, is hidden. But neither element can be changed, or impaired, by living, as it does, in every cell along with its partner. The recessive element even cannot be changed by the character of the plant it is living in. And these principles, if they were to apply at all, were bound to apply to all plants and animals and to ourselves. To put all this in one word: heredity is *indirect*. Mendel's elements are determinants, determinants which are handed down from generation to generation. They determine the character of the plant or animal. But the reaction is not reciprocal. The character of the plant or animal has no effect whatever on the determinants in its cells, no effect on its heredity.

No one took any notice of Mendel's paper. As is well known, it lay unread in the libraries of Berlin and Paris, of London and Manchester, for thirty-five years, until 1900. But it was during those thirty-five years that the behaviour of the chromosomes was worked out. And their properties were shown to meet the needs of the very determinants of heredity that Mendel had, shall we say, discovered, or invented. Experimenters, after 1900, were fascinated by the methods that Mendel had used to prove that his determinants really were determinants, and really did recombine. Indeed, they were so fascinated by the ratios of recombination which they found in their breeding progenies that they overlooked the great principle of determination itself. They could not see the wood for trees. We very rarely can. They thought the essence of Mendelism was chance: the chance of recombination.

Indeed, it is this chance which gives the pattern and diversity to our lives, which makes children differ from their parents and which makes brothers and sisters differ from one another. But the chance is merely an incident in the life of the elements which are recombined. The character of these elements (which we now call genes) depends on their capacity for determining not merely the likeness but also, strange to say, the unlikeness of parent and offspring. For determining the whole development, the whole life, of the individual; in a word, for determining his individuality.

'Stop!' I can hear the cautious listener saying. 'This is going very much too far. Far beyond the evidence. We may admit that outside things, the circumambient conditions, do not leave their mark on heredity. But they undoubtedly impress themselves on the individual. Especially the human individual. We men are plastic, adaptable, educable. If we are given a fair chance we can achieve great things. No one shall shut the gates of hope on striving humanity with such a sentence of predestination! By our free wills can we not mould material things, and subdue the world, to our desires?'

These are great questions and great objections. But they also are within the range of experimental enquiry. The experiments concerned are, we shall find, the most momentous that have so far been broached in the study of life. Man, of course, is not an animal that we can experiment with. But nature, by a marvellous chance, is herself constantly making experiments with man, millions of experiments, which give us the answers we want to know. The experiments are concerned with twins.

It is a proverbial observation that twins are more like one another than are brothers and sisters born at different births. What is the explanation? To Darwin it seemed enough to say that outside conditions were here making themselves felt before birth. Brethren of different births were subject to different conditions. In the same womb together twins were subject to the same conditions.

But this would hardly account for twins being preponderantly of the same sex. Fifty per cent. of twins should be either both boys or both girls. In this country about sixty per cent. of twins are of the same sex. Why is this?

The explanation was discovered by Darwin's enterprising younger cousin, Francis Galton, a man born by a coincidence in the same year as Mendel, and like Mendel much before his time. On both of them the influence of the cell theory and the way of thinking in terms of particles and units had made itself felt. Twins said Galton, are of two kinds. The one kind—three-quarters of all the twins in England—are derived from two eggs. These two eggs are released by the ovaries at the same time; they are separately fertilised by two spermatozoa; and they are separately implanted in the wall of the womb to produce two embryos. These are two-egg twins. They are related like ordinary brothers and sisters; no more, no less. They are therefore of opposite sex just as often as they are of the same sex. The other kind, of which there are probably only 250,000 in this country, are derived from one egg fertilised by one sperm. This single egg begins to undergo division to form the mulberry-shaped mass of cells that make the embryo. But while doing so, sometimes early and sometimes late, it splits into two embryos which grow into two one-egg twins. Identical twins? Well, not exactly. For, if the split takes place late, and a single afterbirth is formed, the *lob-sidedness* of the body (the heart being on one side, and so on) may have made itself felt. The two twins may then be made somewhat different, even different in the obvious respect of weight at birth.

Characteristics of One-egg Twins

What is identical for one-egg twins is the nuclei with their chromosomes derived from the fusion of the nuclei of egg and sperm. These endow the twins with an heredity as near to identical as nature can arrange, which is to say very near indeed. But the rest of what the twins receive—the protoplasm, the ground jelly of the egg in which the nuclei move and work—is somewhat different. The *lob-sidedness* of the egg is due to a *lob-sidedness* in this jelly. And in this respect therefore one-egg twins are actually less alike than other twins, less alike even than ordinary brothers and sisters. The characteristics of one-egg twins agree very well with what this origin would lead us to expect. They often differ at birth, and occasionally differences, for example in temperament, persist for many years. But, so far from the one-egg twins diverging, as two-egg twins do, as a rule they converge. The nucleus and the chromosomes in respect of which they are identical, gradually bring the ground jelly under control and establish the identical genetic character of the two individuals.

The physical resemblance of one-egg twins is, of course, always striking and sometimes staggering. But it goes far beyond anything that is seen by the naked eye. Between ordinary brothers or sisters it is impossible to graft skin: it merely sloughs off. Between one-egg twins grafts always take. (This means that even the protein molecules of their cells, being derived from the same egg, are alike. And they are unlike those of any other human beings. It is this fundamental chemical identity on which the unique similarity of one-egg twins is founded.

Everything else follows from it including, of course, similar susceptibility or resistance to all infectious diseases, similar blood groups, similar taste sensitivity. And ultimately, through the whole gamut of increasing complexity, they have a similar structure of the brain and similar capacities of the mind.

Many methods have been invented for testing the capacities of the human mind, yet none will ever be invented so thorough as the test provided by the social process as a whole. Education, health, and crime are the three aspects of the social process most amply recorded and most sensitive to error. Unfortunately, records of the education and health of twins are still grossly neglected. But our knowledge of their relations with crime takes us to the root of the problem. The study of one-egg twins carried out twenty years ago in Germany by Professor Lange, although I fear not at all well described, has shown that where one twin has a criminal record, with few exceptions the other has also. Moreover, the type of crime is similar. The first occurrence of crime is at a similar age, even when the twins have been separated. The frequency of conviction is similar. But we have to allow for the fact that different judges may give different sentences for the same crime—for the judges are not usually one-egg twins—and a prison sentence stops further offences for the time being. Indeed, one may ask: is there anything else that will stop further offences? The German enquiry shows that there is one other circumstance that will stop a criminal career. It is if a weak-minded criminal man marries a strong-minded non-criminal wife.

No other evidence than the study of one-egg twins could so decisively prove the overpowering effect of heredity. But no other evidence could reveal the space that is left in the picture to be filled by the environment. What is this space? The answer is that the amount depends on the heredity. The strong heredities of the able, the energetic, and the intelligent, so far from passively reacting with their environment, first choose their own environment; then they change it; and in due course they may change the environments of others and even the environments of succeeding generations. Their heredity does not float in the conditions that are given it, it creates the conditions for themselves, and for the world at large. By enquiring into heredity we have found a power of determination which is (as it now appears) something vastly greater than what we are looking for. Let us not be embarrassed by the magni-

tude of our discovery—Mendel's discovery and Galton's discovery, and the discoveries of the microscope which make sense of them both. Like Darwin's evolutionary theory of a hundred years ago, the new genetics represents a revolution in human thought. The two revolutions are of similar scope and gravity.

Let us first look at the new world, as it were, through a microscope. All the spermatozoa which begot the living population of these islands could be contained in the space of one pin's head. Within twice that volume we could put the whole substance of the nation's heredity. That amount of matter determined what we are, and what we may be. Nor is it just for a few months, or a few years, but for the whole of our lives, and down to the casual gesture and the susceptibility to accidental infection sixty, seventy, or eighty years ahead. And, subject to the laws of chromosome and gene behaviour, the future generations of our race are likewise determined in their character by these potent pin-heads of 1,200,000,000 chromosomes.

Our increased belief in the accuracy of the predictions of biology (for so we must look upon it) is all the more notable because it has come at the same time as a decreased belief in the accuracy of the predictions of physics. But we must remember that the total capacity for prediction in both branches of science is continually increasing. This is the inside of the question. The outside is made of more practical matters. The consequence of this determination, and of our expanding knowledge of how it works, is that the expectations of 100 years ago, the expectations of Darwin and Huxley and Galton, can now be brought to fruition. Now we can interpret the structure of human society, the problems of education, and the practice of medicine, in terms of biological principles. Now we can attempt to understand the history, and look forward to the future, of the human race equipped with the immense resources of experimental method. Now we can bring together all the disconnected elements of social science. In a word, we can learn to understand mankind. The understanding that we get is indeed revolutionary. These ideas are much newer, much more recent, than the great opinions which at present divide mankind, the catholic, the liberal, and the marxist views of life. And they challenge them all. We must therefore expect them to be disputed, even more tenaciously, even more fiercely, than the correspondingly disputed theory of the last century, the theory of evolution.—*Third Programme*

Keeping in Touch with Soviet Scientists

By KATHLEEN LONSDALE

I AM a crystallographer and the Soviet scientists whom I know best are also crystallographers. We study the way atoms are arranged in solids. I am editing some international tables for X-ray crystallography now, and that is one of the ways in which I have managed to make a recent contact with Soviet scientists. But let me begin just after the war had ended in Europe.

In 1946, we held a Conference of Crystallographers in London and scientists came to it from all over the world, including both Germany and Russia. We had decided to form an International Union of Crystallography and to start an international journal, and also to begin the preparation of these mathematical tables I have just mentioned, and there were a number of other joint projects. The Russians took a most helpful part in the discussions: they suggested the name *Acta Crystallographica* for the journal, and that was accepted, and they nominated Russian representatives on the various committees. We arranged for them to see something of the research departments in our universities and to visit British firms making crystallographic apparatus, and they went back to Russia with our good wishes. I well remember one of them saying to me: 'We must keep in touch with each other, now that we have really got to know one another'. I have never heard from him since then, although I regularly send him reprints of published papers.

Shortly after they got back to the Soviet Union the Russians withdrew from everything, and they never actually joined the International Union of Crystallography that they helped to form. A number of copies of the *Acta Crystallographica* go regularly into the Soviet Union, so that they do know something of what we are doing, but they never

send us papers for publication. In 1948 we held a congress at Harvard, but although it was well publicised and all crystallographers were invited, the Russians did not come. But by this time the international feeling was getting bad, and it was felt that if we held our next congress, which was due at the end of June, 1951, in Stockholm, then it really ought to be possible for Soviet scientists to come to it quite easily. At first I was very hopeful. To be sure, we had had no contacts with them since 1946, but in September, 1950, I was invited to go to the Soviet Union with a party of women of all sorts of professions. I could not go, but what I did do was to explain to the leader of the party that I was sick and tired of this state of affairs between scientists who were perfectly friendly when they met, and I asked her whether she would be willing to take with her a book and some papers from me and ask VOKS—the parallel institution to the Society for Cultural Relations with the U.S.S.R. in England—to forward them to the person to whom they were addressed. Then, at least, I should know that they had got inside Russia. She agreed without hesitation—it was rather trusting of her really, I thought—and I had a message later to say that she had done her part. The book was a complimentary copy of a scientific book I had just published and the papers were a list of English crystallographic terms, of which I wanted the Russian equivalents. Well, greatly to my surprise I got back my list, by post, early in the new year, together with the Russian words that I had asked for; and I also got copies of two recently published Russian books on crystallography.

This seemed an excellent beginning, so I sent a personal invitation, through the Soviet Embassy in London, to ask the Soviet crystallo-

graphers to come to Stockholm. I got back a cable to say that they were considering it, and then there was a complete blank, and to our great disappointment the Russians did not come.

At the end of July I went to Moscow and Leningrad as a member of a Quaker delegation having wide professional interests. I asked to be taken to the Institute of Crystallography in Moscow and to visit the Academy of Sciences. This was arranged, but my request to meet the Chief Librarian of the Leningrad section of the Academy proved too difficult for my hosts. I was told that there were twenty-five Chief Librarians, all equal in status, and was asked which of them I wanted? This did help me to understand how difficulties of correspondence might sometimes arise through insufficiency of address on letters or parcels. A visitor to the Soviet Union from the west is particularly conscious of the lack of such aids to communication as telephone directories (numbers are found through the exchange), street maps, *Who's Who* and that sort of thing.

Soviet Resentment

At the Institute of Crystallography I met a number of Russian workers, although the Director and some others were away on holiday. We had a talk, and I asked them why they had not come to Stockholm. Their reply was that the congress had been arranged at a time which was impossible for Russian University teachers. Of course, if they had been members of the International Union they would have been consulted about the time, and I begged them to reconsider this question of membership. Some Soviet scientists do belong to International Unions, although their attendance at conferences is always erratic. On the other hand, the International Astronomical Union did actually arrange to hold a congress in Leningrad last August by invitation of the U.S.S.R. Academy of Sciences. In the previous January, however, this assembly was indefinitely postponed by the Executive Committee, the reasons given being 'difficulties of travel and planning' and the 'paramount importance that the International Astronomical Union be kept intact from any political entanglements and complications'. This decision was strongly resented by the Astronomical Council of the Soviet Academy, which published all the relevant documents, with comments which, of course, may or may not be justified.

I had wondered whether it was this that had turned the scale in making the Soviet crystallographers decide against coming to our congress, but they did not mention it. They did, however, have certain specific grievances. One was the refusal of visas to well-known Soviet scientists to attend the Sheffield Peace Conference, but I explained that, rightly or wrongly, this was regarded as a political occasion, and one on which scientists, as such, could not expect differential treatment.

A more serious complaint was that, following our 1946 London conference, they had ordered crystallographic apparatus for research purposes from Great Britain but could not obtain it. They declared that the export licence had been refused, but my enquiries have not confirmed this. What does make it difficult for British firms to give satisfactory service to Soviet clients is that there is no personal contact. It is not possible to find out for what kind of work the equipment is intended and whether it will be used in a cold or hot climate. None of the equipment ordered had got to the Moscow Institute of Crystallography. They had subsequently built their own apparatus, which they showed me, and very well-built it was, too. They were anxious to hear about research work being done abroad, and when I had given them an account of work done in my own laboratory they gave me a full account of their own work. I was glad to find that although, of course, they had developed along their own lines, it was just the kind of fundamental research that might have been done in any university laboratory in any part of the world. Crystallography is very important from the technical point of view, but there was no pressure apparently put upon them to develop pure and applied science side by side in the same laboratory. They had done some really beautiful work in the field of crystal physics and in developing new electron diffraction techniques which are used in studying atomic patterns. After showing me all round, they presented me with reprints and textbooks. These, alas, are in Russian; but why should they not be? I am conscious of the fact that it is quite unreasonable to expect the scientists of a country of some 200,000,000 people not to publish their work in their own language. The only solution of the problem would seem to be duplicate publication or really detailed abstracts.

I attended a reception at the Academy of Sciences in Moscow, arranged for me at very short notice. The Director of the Institute of Crystallography had returned especially to meet me from his holiday

on the Black Sea—a gesture I very much appreciated. It was rather a difficult occasion, consisting, as it did, of a succession of public speeches by the officials and myself alternately, made through an interpreter, around a tea table. After I had asked for, and received, an interesting account of the position of the Academy in Soviet academic life, the Russians asked me about the relationship between the Royal Society and the state. Then I asked what, in their opinion, could contribute most to the improvement of scientific international relations. This opened the flood gates, and I received a list of their grievances, complete with documentation. Many of our difficulties arise from our different ways of doing things, and our totally different ideas as to what constitutes common courtesy. For instance, their method of establishing library contacts seems to be to broadcast, to all university libraries, one or more numbers of a scientific journal with the suggestion (no doubt in Russian, and why not?) of an exchange of periodicals. If no reply is received from perhaps one-half or two-thirds of their correspondents this is regarded as a slight directed at their country. We lay more stress on the regularity of exchanges between a few important libraries. They had taken great offence at the fact that visas had been refused for two of their three delegates to attend the 500th anniversary of the founding of Glasgow University. We heard of this, indeed, from all quarters, and perhaps this is a good opportunity to give the full facts.

The decision to give only one visa was not an arbitrary one on the part of the Foreign Office, which acted in accordance with the wishes of the university authorities. The explanation, which I did not know at the time, was that the U.S.S.R. Academy had, in fact, been invited to send only one delegate and that they had not replied to repeated invitations until twelve days after the closing date for such replies. On the other hand, their three proposed representatives would undoubtedly really have represented the thirty-two universities of the U.S.S.R. (six of whom had been separately invited but had not replied). Time seems to mean nothing to the Russians; as my experience showed, they could lay on a reception at almost no notice, and it would simply not seem to them discourteous to ignore a 'final date' for replies, which was over four months before the actual date of the celebrations. What did seem discourteous and indeed insulting to them was the refusal of the visas, and the fact reported by their one delegate, Professor Engelhardt, whom I met at the reception, that when he presented himself at the airport on arrival in this country he was told curtly, 'a week will be more than enough' for his stay in Great Britain, and his passport was marked accordingly. Professor Engelhardt, who speaks good English, was very pleased at the cordial welcome he had actually received from the authorities and scientists of Glasgow University, but was most unfavourably impressed by the fact that although British newspapers told their readers all about the cut of his suit they reported nothing of the contents of the address brought by him from the Moscow Academy of Sciences to the University of Glasgow. Russian newspapers are certainly much more serious than ours, but to us they seemed to be even more one-sided and to report only those facts which put the actions and motives of the west in the worst possible light.

Hopes for the Future

In further pursuing the question of official interference with freedom of movement or of communication, I suggested to the scientists at the Academy that the best way of ensuring reciprocal good will was complete and friendly frankness and that we ought particularly to keep in touch with each other. They assured me that on their side there was no official interference with their correspondence, nor with their attendance at meetings; nor was there any Customs' interference with parcels to or from the Academy. I pointed out that when they did not come to congresses or answer letters the natural inference in the west was that they were being prevented, and that this created doubts about the sincerity of their Government when it talked peace. Many non-Soviet scientists have become so exasperated at the difficulties of establishing friendly contacts with their Soviet colleagues that they have given up trying. Yet, if international communications are ever to improve, it will need continued patience and understanding on our part. If they are in the wrong, it will be all the more difficult for them to make the first overtures; and we must realise that, from their point of view, right is not all on our side. Since returning to England I have written to my Soviet scientific friends and I have had a reply. So I hope that in future our friendship will be maintained and strengthened.

—From a talk in the Third Programme

Lord Radcliffe and the Case for Democracy

By WILLIAM PICKLES

IN his Reith lectures on 'Power and the State'* Lord Radcliffe surveyed the opinion expressed by some of the world's leading political philosophers, from Plato to John Stuart Mill, on the nature of state power and man's attitude to it, and added some critical comments of his own.

This is a task well worth performing. For twenty-five centuries, the world's ablest thinkers have been trying to decide why men mostly obey the state; why they ought to do so; why they sometimes refuse to do so and just when, if ever, they ought to refuse to obey. They have tried to define the circumstances in which the exercise of power is good and bad, to discover how best to find those who are to exercise it and how to check it, if it sometimes seems to be excessive. While the thinkers have been thinking about it, power itself has always been there and its effects in practice have not always coincided with what the theorists have said about it. What stands out, however, from all the long string of ideas and experiments is that neither theory nor practice has ever been able to satisfy everybody, and that both have been constantly changing. Clearly, the enquiry into power must go on. If successive generations do not constantly ask themselves the questions that Plato and his successors asked; if they do not re-examine the answers their fathers gave; if they do not ask what the purpose of society is and whether *their* society is achieving it, then they will find themselves moving in quite unexpected directions.

Lord Radcliffe performed a particularly valuable service to democracy when he scrutinised afresh the differing theoretical justifications that have been offered for modern democracy, since its invention in the seventeenth century; and he must have stimulated some healthy speculation among those of his listeners who had not already considered these things when he pointed out how far we are from accepting today the arguments offered in defence of democracy in the three centuries that immediately preceded our own. He had no difficulty in showing that Locke's idea of a contract between citizens and rulers, Rousseau's idea of a general will, and Mill's belief in the power of reason have failed to stand the tests, either of logic or of experience.

Warm Feeling for Plato

But many people must have wondered as they listened to Lord Radcliffe just what advice he himself was going to offer. As his remorseless logic demolished one by one the philosophers of democracy; as he expressed, in what was perhaps the most warmly eloquent of all the seven lectures, his admiration for the wise use of unchecked power by some of the British administrators of India; and as, in the first and last of his lectures, his tone warmed as he spoke of Plato's conception of unchecked rule by an *élite*—at these moments and at others, many listeners must have wondered if Lord Radcliffe's purpose was not to convince us that democracy had been just another mistake, and that we ought to seek ways of establishing the kind of society that Plato dreamed of 2,500 years ago. In the end, Lord Radcliffe avoided that conclusion, though he came near to it when he preferred culture to tolerance, and nearer still when he talked of a 'collective best self'. Moreover, it seemed that his only reason for not coming down on the side of Plato was that he could offer no certain way of finding men wise enough and disinterested enough to rule in accordance with Plato's principles.

Lord Radcliffe is perfectly entitled to argue in this way. He would have been entitled to decide even more firmly for a Platonic autocracy, had he so desired. That, after all, is one of the rights that democracy gives him. But it must be said that there are a fair number of thinkers, no less well qualified than Lord Radcliffe himself, who have gone over the same ground and even used some of the same arguments, and yet come to the conclusion that democracy, with all its faults, its illogicalities, its dangers even, is still better than any other system ever tried or dreamed of. You do not destroy the arguments for democracy merely by demolishing, however skilfully, the reasons offered in its defence by Locke or Rousseau or Bentham or Bagehot, any more than you take away the value of the Christian ethic if you reject the arguments by

which that ethic was presented to the men and women of the first few centuries after Christ. On the contrary, the very fact that Bentham and Bagehot and Mill defended the democracy of their day on grounds that would have been rejected by Locke and Rousseau suggests that it might well be possible to find equally new arguments to defend what democracy has become today.

Two Unmentioned Names

There were some listeners to whom it seemed significant that two great names were omitted from the list of philosophers whose ideas Lord Radcliffe examined. He made no mention at all either of Marx or of Aristotle. Most of Marx's ideas are rejected by nearly everybody today (including, in my view, the communist rulers of Russia), but the essence of one of them is accepted by nearly everybody. Marx believed that all ideas were a by-product of economic conditions. That is rather hard to swallow, but would anybody deny that every man's ideas are in some degree the product of the conditions in which he lives? And does it not follow that Plato's all-wise philosopher rulers, even if they could exist, would have minds so far removed from those of their subjects that they would always fail to satisfy them? And those subjects would be men and women, with human hopes and needs and irritations. It is they who make up society, and if society fails to satisfy them, who can swear that it is really serving some great common purpose? That is what Aristotle saw. He did not like democracy much more than Plato did, because he too believed in an abstract 'good' which society should serve; and he did not believe that ordinary humans could see it. But he did observe that, in the world as he knew it, democracy worked better than any other system.

That is how most of us would justify democracy today: not because it corresponds to a social contract or fulfils some general will, and certainly not because we think the majority is always right, but because, as Lord Radcliffe himself reminded us, we know that we can all be mistaken, and so must try to find the way that combines the maximum of ordered government with the maximum of belief in every man that he has a due share in decision. That certainly will not place the state in the service of 'virtue', as any given individual sees it, and perhaps not even in the service of 'culture' and of our 'collective best self' as Lord Radcliffe sees them; but if we mix it thoroughly with tolerance and good sense and a resolve to defend freedom whenever it is threatened, it can make a fair number of people moderately happy and prosperous—and incidentally ensure that Lord Radcliffe is free to go on expressing his doubts about it. I am not at all sure that the philosopher kings would do as much for us—or for Lord Radcliffe.

—European Service

The Reith Lectures were discussed in a recent edition of 'The Critics' in the Home Service. Frank Tilsley expressed the view that the saying 'power tends to corrupt—absolute power corrupts absolutely' was 'a graphic shorthand expression of something dangerously true'. 'It is all very well to say', he added, 'that we British are "singularly fitted to the exercise of power and authority"'. So we are, within accepted limits; but the fanatic doesn't accept limits, and that, it seems to me, is where the test of power usually comes'. Colin MacInnes observed that in the lectures 'there was little mention of Fascism, or of Marxism, or of the militarisation of the world, and what our attitude should be to these. It was rather as if the lecturer were looking down on us from a cloud and contemplating our troubles, but that he himself was not very much involved with them'. Edgar Anstey considered that Lord Radcliffe 'seemed to be leaning over backwards to avoid stating any general conclusions'. Ivor Brown thought that the argument was 'extremely close-packed', and said: 'I like to go and read them in THE LISTENER afterwards'. William Plomer also said that he liked 'both to listen and to read the thing'; and Colin MacInnes remarked 'I think we've got to admit that THE LISTENER, which we see every week on Thursday, has become really an indispensable adjunct of listening to some of the longer programmes of talks . . .

NEWS DIARY

December 26-January 1

Wednesday, December 26

General Ridgway is authorised to extend thirty-day period for agreement on an armistice in Korea if he sees fit

Demonstrations held in Cairo against appointment of two diplomats to King Farouk's staff of advisers

Thursday, December 27

More anti-British demonstrations in Cairo and Alexandria. All schools and colleges closed in both cities

General Sir Brian Robertson, Commander-in-Chief, Middle East, returns to London for discussions with Prime Minister

Six-power talks on plans for a European Army open in Paris

Heavy gales sweep coasts of Britain

Friday, December 28

War Office publishes first list of prisoners-of-war identified from Communist list

Victoria Cross awarded to Pte. William Speakman of the Black Watch for gallantry in Korea

Four American airmen held captive in Hungary since November 19, released after payment of fine by U.S. Government

Saturday, December 29

Mr. Churchill holds Cabinet meeting before leaving for journey to United States

United Nations truce delegates in Korea offer final concession to Communists over supervision of an armistice

U.S. Atomic Energy Commission announces that scientists have produced electricity from atomic energy during recent experiments

Sunday, December 30

Economic Co-operation Administration ends and is replaced by the Mutual Security Agency

Six-power Conference in Paris on European Army ends

Much destruction by gales reported around British coast: Britain's unique suspension pier at Seaview destroyed

Monday, December 31

Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden sail for United States

General Sir Brian Robertson makes statement about British policy in Canal zone

Tuesday, January 1

Four former Ministers created Viscounts in New Year's Honours list

Egyptian terrorists attack British troops in Ismailia

Monthly return railway fares increased by ten per cent.



Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. Anthony Eden, with Mr. Walter Gifford, the American Ambassador, on board discussions with President Truman. The liner's departure from Southampton was delayed for twenty-four hours to free the liner's anchor. It was ultimately released only after a steel plate



An encampment in the grounds of Fouad I University, Cairo where students have been training as members of Egyptian 'struggle squads'



On December 24 Libya became the first nation to achieve independence under the United Nations. A photograph received last week of Emir Idris el Senussi on the balcony of his palace in Benghazi after broadcasting the proclamation of independence



Heavy seas breaking on when gales—described as places—caused widespread damage—killed in Scotland



Two new acquisitions in Worcestershire, which



Two new acquisitions in Worcestershire, which



'Queen Mary' on December 30 before sailing to the United States for jamming of the port anchor. Above, right: Tugs trying unsuccessfully to cut away the ship had been cut away



A photograph taken in Trafalgar Square at midnight on New Year's Eve as crowds gathered round the floodlit fountains and the illuminated Christmas tree to welcome in 1952



Beach at Brighton last weekend worst of the century in some damage; four people were killed Sunday by the storms



Mr. C. Hamilton Ellis lecturing last week to children on 'The Romance of Railways' at the Royal Society of Arts. The annual Christmas series of juvenile lectures on 'How Animals Move' is now being given at the Royal Institution



The National Trust: left, Japanese armour and shrines in one of the rooms of Snowhill Manor, near Broadway, recently presented by Mr. Charles Wade; right, the fourteenth-century tithe barn at Bredon, Worcestershire, one of the finest in the country, which has been presented by Mr. G. S. Cottrell



The East Sussex Hunt meeting at Batle Abbey on Boxing Day

Georges Sorel: the Unorthodox Marxist*

By JAMES JOLL

GEORGES SOREL was sceptical about his own influence. 'I don't believe much in the influence of a single man', he said to a friend in 1922 at the very end of his life. 'I believe that when a mind puts forth an idea, it is because this idea is in the air. . . . Is it necessary for a man of the first rank like Lenin to have read my work to see clearly? Frankly, I don't think so. . . . You see I am far from sharing the flattering opinion of those who talk of my influence on Lenin and Mussolini'. And no doubt Sorel was right: Mussolini, in his socialist days, read some of his essays, and later he praised him publicly; the occasional Nazi writer praised his insight, but Sorel's influence on Fascist and Nazi leaders did not, I think, go very far. As for the revolutionaries on the left, one of them, a French Syndicalist leader, was once asked whether he was much influenced by Sorel, and replied: 'I never read anything except Alexandre Dumas'. And when Sorel died, the official communist press described him as a 'reactionary, petty bourgeois Proudhonist and anarcho-syndicalist'.

New Ways of Conducting Revolutions

Yet Sorel is an important and interesting thinker because he expressed with originality many of the misgivings which his contemporaries felt about liberal and democratic society. He observed political trends that had not been noticed until then, and from his observations suggested new ways of conducting revolutions and new facts about human nature which contemporary politicians did not take into account. The particular society that he attacked was, of course, the Third Republic in France, but he was equally critical of the other western European countries. It was not until the very end of his life that it seemed as though the Russians alone might provide the example that the western world wanted. 'Cursed be the plutocratic democracies who are starving Russia', he wrote in September 1919. 'I am only an old man whose existence is at the mercy of trifling accidents; but would that I could see before descending into the grave the humiliation of the proud bourgeois democracies that today are cynically triumphant'. Before he died, at the end of 1922, he was at least to see Lenin established in power and Mussolini's March on Rome.

It is typical of Sorel, I think, that in spite of his hatred for contemporary bourgeois society, he should have been a characteristic member of it. He came from a middle-class Catholic family in Normandy—his cousin was the great historian Albert Sorel—and he had a perfectly respectable bourgeois career as a civil engineer. He retired when a little over forty with the Legion of Honour and a small inherited income. In 1889, when he was forty-five, he published his first book. For the rest of his life he lived quietly in a cottage at Boulogne-sur-Seine, taking the tram once a week to Paris where he spent the day listening to Bergson's lectures and talking for hours with his young friends. He soon became an established figure in the lives of those brilliant young intellectuals who gathered in the offices of the advanced political reviews. His associates included Romain Rolland and Charles Péguy, and, among the younger men, who are still alive today, Daniel Halévy and Julien Benda. Sorel, for all his avowed contempt for the intellectuals and admiration for the working class, passed the most fertile years of his life at the centre of a formidable circle of intellectuals and never stirred outside it.

Yet politically he was not at home. His friends were mostly socialists, and he regarded himself as a true disciple of Marx. But he found the orthodox Marxists too doctrinaire—and said a number of shrewd things about them in his little book on the *Decomposition of Marxism*. Yet the others, who were prepared to join in ordinary parliamentary politics, were no better, and to act with them would involve him in all that he hated most, though for a moment the Dreyfus case gave a passing illusion of moral solidarity with them. 'All our political crises', he says, 'consist in the replacement of intellectuals by other intellectuals; they always, therefore, have as a result the maintenance of the state and sometimes its reinforcement by increasing the number of people with a vested interest'. It is not surprising that someone who was equally repelled by the rigidities of orthodox Marxism and the flabbiness of

parliamentary democracy should have been regarded as a recruit for the extreme right. He did, for reasons that I shall try to explain, admire writers like Barrès and Maurras and had a certain sympathy for their ideas. The one member of his group for whom, perhaps, he had the most sympathy, Charles Péguy, soon left political socialism to preach a mystical faith in France's national tradition. But both Péguy and Sorel were difficult and exacting people, and a personal quarrel separated them in 1913. For the last years of his life Sorel was much alone. He was estranged from his left-wing friends, and could not bring himself to join the right. For it was as a man of the left that he regarded himself. With a slightly pathetic rhetorical touch he proclaimed in the dedication to his *Materials for a Theory of the Proletariat*, published in 1918, that the book was written by 'an old man who, like Proudhon, obstinately remains a disinterested servant of the proletariat'.

But it is not Sorel's attitude to the politics of the day or his personal history that are important about him. What is most interesting in his work are the two or three ideas that run through all his writing independent of his own political position at the time. It is in these that he reflects some of the beliefs of his time and prophesies future developments. First, there is the hatred of 'intellectuals' already mentioned. This comes out clearly in his first book, *The Trial of Socrates*. The Athenians, Sorel maintains, were right to condemn Socrates; Socrates did corrupt the youth and undermine the tacitly accepted values that held Athenian society together. There were several things that make intellectuals so dangerous in Sorel's eyes. First, they are optimistic—or if they are pessimistic it is just because their own schemes have gone wrong. They believe that problems have solutions, whereas, in fact, to suggest that they have is to make the masses believe 'that irrealisable things are possible in order the better to lead them by the nose'. 'I think', he says again, 'that the optimistic period in France is reaching its close; the revival of pessimistic ideas in certain circles seems to announce a return to morality'.

Moreover, the intellectuals—and by the term I think he means especially the followers of the Positivist school of Auguste Comte—try to impose a pattern on the world that does not correspond to reality. 'It is impossible', Sorel says (and here we can see how attentive he must have been at Bergson's lectures), 'to reach a point where you can describe with precision and clarity; sometimes, indeed, we must beware of attempting to make language too rigorous because it will be in contradiction to the fluid character of reality and thus language will deceive us. We must proceed *par tâtonnements*—by feeling our way'. And these intellectuals have prostituted true science: they are only interested in results, not in the real nature of the world: 'Science is for the bourgeoisie a mill that produces solutions for all problems; science is no longer considered as a perfected way of knowing but only as a recipe for procuring certain advantages'.

The Syndicalist Movement

The bourgeois intellectuals have broken up the natural solidarity of society and disintegrated the old order without replacing it by a new one where men are more than atoms whose behaviour is studied and predicted by the social scientist. It is not the sophisticated, optimistic bourgeois rationalists who will be the *élite* in a new society; they have long forfeited that role. (It was, by the way, a friend of Sorel who coined the phrase '*la trahison des élites*'.) The new *élite*, Sorel thought, would be provided by the revolutionary proletariat and, in particular, by the syndicalist movement. The French trade union movement was growing in the eighteen-nineties, and Sorel was impressed by the qualities it displayed. As yet it was small in numbers, but its leaders believed with great passion in the uselessness of political activity, the efficacy of direct revolutionary action, especially through the general strike, and the necessity for individual self-improvement. The organisation of the syndicates was decentralised—and, indeed, mass trade unions on the British or German model would not have been possible in France, where industrial concerns were small and where the small workshop, the *atelier*, employed only a few workmen, all skilled craftsmen.

* The fourth of five talks on 'The Revolt against Liberalism and Rationalism'

This tradition of small, independent workers' syndicates goes back to Proudhon, and Sorel regarded himself as Proudhon's successor. In his *Reflections on Violence*, first published in 1906, Sorel sketched both an analysis of the syndicalist movement and a programme of action for it.

It is in the *Reflections on Violence* that the wildly romantic nature of Sorel's thought is most apparent. He is as conscious as Nietzsche that the liberal state is in no position to use violence to defend itself. 'The English of today', he says elsewhere, 'are like the Romans, too rich, too philanthropic, too preoccupied by their Christian duties to know how to defend themselves'—and this sentimental humanitarianism has had moral consequences. Thus a violent destruction of the existing state by the revolutionary proletariat would not just be a political revolution, but a moral revival: 'Not only can proletarian violence assure the future revolution, but it also seems to be the only means at the disposal of the nations of Europe, numbed as they are by humanitarianism, to recover their ancient energy'. And in another book he explicitly talks of revolutionary socialism as being the Nietzschean reversal of moral values—the *Umwertung aller Werte*. This sort of violence will somehow be morally 'pure'; and Sorel contrasts it with the 'force' used by upholders of the existing state or advocated by those radicals and socialists who only want to gain possession of the existing state machine instead of destroying it altogether. Indeed, Sorel sometimes writes as though it might be that no physical violence would be needed; the proletariat's faith in its own power might be enough.

This brings me to perhaps the most important and original point in Sorel's political analysis: the doctrine of the role of the myth in politics. In almost all his works Sorel insists on the importance of belief in producing political change. The organisations that survive in history, the causes that triumph, are those inspired by an irrational faith in their own destiny and mission; and not those based on intellectual constructions and rational analysis. The most successful example—and Sorel comes back to it again and again—is the Roman Catholic Church. The Church has shown astonishing power of survival: 'I believe', he said in one of his essays, 'that Christianity will not perish: the mystical faculty is something very real in man and experience shows that it does not decrease in intensity through the ages . . . it is not weakened by scientific development'. Indeed, he thinks that it is only when the Church begins to compromise with liberalism by trying to give its theology an appearance of rationalism that the Church is in danger of losing its power.

The success of the Church, then, is one example of the effectiveness of the myth in action. And Sorel quotes other examples from more recent history: the French Revolution, for instance, was a far deeper and more powerful movement than the eighteenth-century makers of utopias had imagined; and Mazzini's almost religious faith in Italian unity is another example. These myths cannot be analysed; they are not utopian descriptions of a future society, but moral beliefs acting on present conduct. 'They are not descriptions of things', Sorel says, 'but expressions of will'. It does not matter if they are symbols of a state of affairs that will never be realised. 'Myths must be judged', he says again, 'as means of acting on the present: any discussion on the method of applying them practically to the course of history is meaningless. It is only the myth taken as a whole that is important'.

The myth—the almost mystical belief in the ultimate triumph of one's cause, one's will to victory—is kept alive and propagated by an *élite*. In the periods when the Catholic Church was in danger it was the monastic orders that kept the myth alive. For the contemporary proletariat it is the revolutionary syndicates. And the myth that they must believe in passionately, and persuade their fellow-workers to believe in, is that the proletariat has in its possession a weapon that will infallibly enable it to overthrow existing society. That weapon is the general strike. It was as well that Sorel did not think it necessary to work out the detailed application of the myth in practice, for he never says how the myth of the general strike was really to be made effective. What he hoped, I think, was that when the proletariat and the bourgeoisie both became convinced of this irresistible weapon in the hands of the working class, the state would collapse without much further action. But, like Marx, he nowhere tells us what was to happen then.

It is easy to criticise Sorel's doctrine of the myth; it is hard to see, if the myths are not in fact to be realised, how they differ from the utopias that the bourgeoisie uses to lead the proletariat by the nose. And it is doubtful whether consciousness of coming and inevitable victory is enough to provoke effective political action unless it is combined with an insistence on organisation both now and after victory has been won. But I do not think it is very profitable to attack Sorel's argument in

detail. What is important is his insistence on the irrational in politics and the realisation that the masses are more likely to respond to a symbol of their own victory than to an organisational blueprint of a future rational society. It is obvious that this doctrine is more acceptable to the right than to the left: for it was the thinkers of the right in France who emphasised the importance of the instinctive movements of the popular soul and the value of traditional symbols in influencing it. And it has been left to the makers of the myths of the twentieth century to exploit the technique that Sorel suggested.

Sorel has often been attacked for his advocacy of violence. I do not myself think this is the most important point in his doctrine. By the time the *Reflections on Violence* were published, Nietzsche's attack on smug humanitarianism was already widely known, and Nietzsche was read by far more than the thousand readers Sorel modestly claimed. Sorel's violence does not consist in isolated acts of terrorism, but in an immense effort to achieve a political and moral upheaval. It is not his fault, any more than it was Nietzsche's, that his teaching should have been used to justify violent action by fascist toughs. No, what is interesting about Sorel's writing is its scope and the knowledge it reveals: in some ways the familiarity he shows with the whole course of European history and ideals reminds one of later prophets like Spengler and Toynbee. But he lacks their power of systematic intellectual construction. Much of his work is pieced together from loosely-connected essays and articles, and so, of course, he often repeats and contradicts himself. It was left to his contemporary, Pareto, to take some of his ideas and embody them in a vast rationalist, quasi-scientific system. But perhaps Sorel is the more persuasive and exciting just because of the lack of system in his work. Each reader will find what he wants there—the broad historical generalisations, the illuminating political doctrine, the shrewd comment on contemporary politics, or the sudden prophetic insight. Above all, as one listens to the ceaseless didactic voice, the '*et puis il y a autre chose*' with which he introduced each additional point, one feels how right Daniel Halévy was when he wrote in 1940: 'Those who listened to him forty years ago owe it to him that they have not been surprised at the changes in the world'.

—Third Programme

Fleet Visit

The sailors come ashore
Out of their hollow ships,
Mild-looking middle-class boys
Who read the comic strips;
One baseball game is more
To them than fifty Troys.

They look a bit lost and alone,
Set down in this foreign place
Where natives pass with laws
And futures of their own;
They are not here Because
But only Just-in-case.

The whore and ne'er-do-well
Who pester them with junk
In their grubby ways at least
Are serving the Social Beast;
They neither make nor sell—
No wonder they get drunk.

But the ships on the dazzling blue
Of the harbour actually gain
From having nothing to do;
Without the human will
To tell them whom to kill
Their structures are humane,

And, far from looking lost,
Look as if they were meant
To be pure abstract design
By some master of pattern and line,
Certainly worth every cent
Of the millions they must have cost.

W. H. AUDEN

Plants in a West Country Garden

By ERIC HOBBS

MY garden is largely a utility one: it has to provide the family with vegetables and fruit, but we are also able to have around us flowers and ornamental plants of one kind or another every week of the year. Our soil is a good loam but as it is naturally well supplied with lime we are unable to grow the many lime-intolerant plants we should like.

Flowering shrubs provide something interesting the year round. We have planted many of them, and perhaps it is the winter- and spring-flowering shrubs we appreciate most. Take the daphnes: our first to

flower is *D. odoro*—in a mild winter it will open its first flowers in January and will go on flowering until the end of April. One flower-head will make a whole room deliciously fragrant. The plant does well in dry conditions and in partial shade and is usually quite hardy in the south-west of England.

Yellow flowers always seem associated with spring, and what better yellow flowering shrub have we than the forsythias. They thrive well in our garden, where they make great splashes of golden-yellow colour throughout February and March. Our finest is *F. spectabilis* which makes an erect shrubby plant some five to six feet high, and its deep yellow flowers are a



Flowering currant

gorgeous sight in early spring. Then there is *F. suspensa* with its rambling habit. Its golden, bell-like flowers are produced in profusion along trailing branches which are specially suitable for clothing walls or sloping banks. *F. vitellina* is erect in habit and its flowers are a strikingly bright yellow.

From yellow flowers to red and a mention of the flowering currant—*Ribes sanguineum*—a common enough shrub but a very lovely one if you get a good form and variety. We have the variety Edward VII. It blooms in March and April, producing long racemes of deep-crimson flowers which start to open before the leaves. A very hardy species with yellow flowers is *R. aureum*, and we have a hybrid between *R. sanguineum* and *R. aureum* called *R. gordonianum* which has yellow and red flowers—our bush is now about eighteen years old but I think ribes do best if they are renewed every eight years or so to ensure free growth and masses of flower.

A few years ago I saw a marvellous display of spindle trees in fruit at the Royal Botanic Gardens at Glasnevin, Dublin and I was given a few seeds which are now grown into small bushes. There are several species, and ours are mostly the red-fruited spindles, or *euonymus europaeus*, but we have *euonymus yedoensis*, too, which produces pink fruits. Recently we have struck cuttings of a white-fruited, silver-variegated-leaved form which we have not been able to name.

This business of getting good species, varieties, and form is very necessary in order to obtain the best results—in the buddleias for example. Our

special favourite is a variety of *B. Davidi* called Ile de France—which makes enormous, violet-purple spikes of blooms produced in great profusion. Another fine variety we hope to plant is Royal Red, which is one of the new American hybrids.

I must mention two climbing plants, wisteria and honeysuckle. Some years ago, a 300-year-old farm-house for which my wife and I had a great affection was to be demolished. Over the front, whitewashed wall rambled a very fine specimen of *wisteria sinensis*. Its rich blue racemes of bloom, up to twelve inches long, made an extravagant display on warm days in early summer, and its scent was as sweet as a bean field in flower. I layered a shoot of this wisteria into a ten-inch flower pot. The pot was split in halves, filled with compost, and re-fixed around the shoot. It rooted, and before the demolition of the farm-house started I had a nicely rooted plant which, after several moves, now clothes the front of our present house.

I wonder how many of you like honeysuckle? Some years ago I was staying in the chalk-down country of east Kent. It was June, and when I awakened early one morning a most refreshing scent was pouring in through the wide-open windows. It was honeysuckle—masses of it below and around the windows. Being a gardener, of course I came away with cuttings, and now we have a vigorous plant rambling over a loft staircase. This one is *Lonicera japonica*—the Japanese honeysuckle. We have also another honeysuckle, called Early Dutch. It came from a friend's Devon garden and it flowers in May; its flowers are red and yellow and we often go out in the late evenings to enjoy its wonderful perfume which, by the way, is quite absent during the day.



Buddleia

Just a word or two about our roses. We have the usual sort of collection of hybrid perpetuals and hybrid teas and ramblers and climbers, but there is one rose we are particularly fond of: it is a polyantha rose called Natalie Nypels. It does remarkably well with us and is easily propagated by cuttings taken in August. The flowers are double, a clear, soft pink, and they are borne in massive clusters. The scent is sweet, and flowering is continuous from May to December.

Each year we grow a few chrysanthemums for cutting from the open garden, and we take a dozen or so into the cold glass-house for winter flowering. We are very fond of some of the species of hardy chrysanthemums which fit so well into the herbaceous border and give endless cutting for the house. *Chrysanthemum rubellum* has some delightful varieties and colours. Korean hybrids are so easy to grow, they need no staking or 'stopping', and the colour range is amazing. They can be grown in pots plunged in the open and brought in when frosts come, to make delightful house plants.—From a talk in the West of England Home Service



Spindleberry

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Parliamentary Privilege

Sir,—Mr. Christopher Hollis, in his talk on parliamentary privilege, tells a story to illustrate the high-handed line which eighteenth-century members of parliament could take with their constituents. 'A citizen of Shrewsbury', he says, 'at the time of Walpole's excise scheme, was so ill-advised as to write to his member to ask him to oppose the scheme. The member wrote back: "Sir, I am amazed at your impudence in approaching me concerning the excise scheme. I bought you last year and this year, by God, I propose to sell you".'

I have a different version of this story, which has more wit and point, but not necessarily more truth. (Wit and point are seldom the sisters of truth.) My difficulty is that I cannot give any good authority for my version. I have only a cutting from a paper—and I have no idea what the paper was—which I made nearly fifty years ago, when I was a young teacher of history at Oxford, and sometimes used to quote to my pupils, with a warning that I had no guarantee of the authenticity of the story. Here it is.

'Apropos of Dr. Johnson's hatred of Excise', runs the cutting, 'I have copied from a newspaper of 130 years ago [it must now be 180] the following letter, sent by Anthony Henley, Esq., the elder brother of Lord Northampton, to a certain corporation in Hampshire:

'Gentlemen. I received yours, and am surprised at your insolence in troubling me about the Excise: you know what I very well know, that I bought you—And I know what perhaps you think I don't know: You are now selling yourselves to Somebody Else—And I know what you don't know, that I am buying another Borough. May God's curse light upon you all—Yours, Anthony Henley'.

May I add a few notes of explanation? The date of this letter of Anthony Henley, if it was ever written, must be the end of the seventeenth century; the question of the excise must be some question that arose some thirty years or more before Walpole's excise scheme; and the borough in question must be Andover, and not Shrewsbury (Incidentally, I wonder if Shrewsbury was ever a pocket borough, as I fancy that Andover was). I find in the *Dictionary of National Biography* that Anthony Henley was a 'wit' (he certainly was, on the evidence of the letter quoted above), and the father—not the elder brother—of the first Earl of Northampton. He sat as a Whig M.P. for Andover from 1698 to 1700, and then for Weymouth from 1700 until his death in 1711. I am tempted to think that he had some quarrel with the borough of Andover about some vote he had given in 1700 on the Budget (excise was a regular part of the revenue long before Walpole's scheme); that he shook the dust of the borough off his feet, and 'cocked a snook' at its corporation, in 1700, when parliament was dissolved; and that he then retired to the peace and the sea-breezes of Weymouth. I wonder if Mr. Hollis is willing to accept my version? He has only to substitute Andover for Shrewsbury and to drop any mention of Walpole in order to agree with me.

Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

ERNEST BARKER

The Centenary of Turner

Sir,—If we are to judge from the examples of Turner's work which are reproduced in Mr. Collins Baker's talk in THE LISTENER of December 27, and also in all the other reviews

which have appeared in connection with his centenary, it is clear that Turner's real achievement is, even now, not yet appreciated in this country. Had Turner died after painting only these pictures, we would never have heard of him again. If we are to believe the historians who consistently peddle what is, in reality, the work only of his formative and imitative periods at the expense of his later mature work, we would have nothing but a scholarly academician, a sensitive and provincial exponent of the Dutch and Italian schools, and a reactionary romantic of the typical Victorian kind; not one of the great painters of the world.

In the first place, Turner was not a romantic in the Victorian sense. His romanticism was, in essence, not reactionary but belonged to the order of Byron, Shelley, and Blake. Turner did not run away from the industrial revolution, he utilised it. He forced the steam engine, the steamboat, and the factory smoke into a new aesthetic of light and colour. His vision of beauty was not simply an old-world arcadian landscape with nymphs, moonlight, and cottages, it included modern man and all his works. Turner's real achievement is to be seen in his picture at the Tate Gallery, 'Storm at Sea', with a steamboat caught in a snowstorm, which is one of the great paintings of the world.

Turner revolutionised not only landscape painting but the whole naturalist tradition by being the first to utilise the discoveries of science relating to the decomposition of light into colour. The aesthetic of light and shade had already long been developed, but Turner gave colour to light. He realised that not only the objects in space, but also space itself is illuminated with colour. Turner's approach to colour, however, was not purely imitative, but essentially subjective and creative. Like Rembrandt with tone, he exploited its emotional properties and it is significant that he was drawn to the theories of Goethe rather than the professional scientists like Brewster. As a result his colour is extremely plastic in quality. His yellow suns and pearl skies do not recede into the picture like a photograph, but stick out in front like the colouring of a primitive or a child. In this sense, he is the precursor of the great modern colourists like Van Gogh, and Picasso today.

Turner, then, emerges as one of the founders of modern art. He was the first to re-establish the aesthetic of colour, lost since the middle ages, which characterises the best painting today, and the first to break the literary tradition in painting. His later works are as near to music as was possible then. Long before Cézanne and the Cubists, he asserted the independent nature of painting as a concrete art parallel and equivalent to nature.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.E.3.

VICTOR PASMORE

[We agree that our choice of illustrations was unsatisfactory but it was partly determined by the difficulty of reproducing Turner's later works.—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

Schopenhauer

Sir,—I was much interested by Professor Heller's talk on Schopenhauer and should like to make one or two comments.

The opening remarks tend, I think, to give a somewhat distorted and unfair picture of the man. Schopenhauer's last will and testament reveal his true character. Professor Heller rightly refers to Schopenhauer's condemnation of Hegel's teaching, but he omits to draw the only

conclusion from this. Schopenhauer foresaw the evil consequences of this teaching, and said that the Hegelian apotheosis of the state would lead to communism. Marx was, of course, deeply influenced by Hegel's works, and it is no accident that nazism and communism have many features in common.

I cannot enter into a discussion on 'Nothing', but would refer the professor to the remarks on *nihil privativum* and *nihil negativum*. Finally, it seems to me that to hold Schopenhauer in any way responsible for Nietzsche's use of the concept of will is about as fair as attributing religious mania to religion—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.3

E. F. J. PAYNE

Secretary, the Schopenhauer Society

American Commentary

(continued from page 9)

and shabbiness is cause for shame. When the great scoundrels of past Administrations sold their souls, they at least got a good price. But what effect this issue, or any other, may have on the elections cannot now be foreseen: it will probably depend on what happens between now and November.

The Democrats will soon have controlled the White House for twenty years. It is an unhealthy thing for any party to be in power that long. The men in office grow tired and lax; the Opposition becomes irresponsible; and irresponsibility in foreign policy is a luxury the United States can no longer afford. Fortunately, only about half of the Republican leaders have become infected with it, and none of these men has any prospect of getting the presidential nomination, except Senator Taft, who at the moment seems more likely to get it than anybody else. Nomination is not election—it is widely believed that Mr. Taft is less popular among the voters than among Republican politicians—but nobody knows. If the United States were on another planet, with no foreign relations, Mr. Taft might be a fairly good president of the conservative type, for he is a moderate conservative, by the standards of his party. In the present international situation, however, his election would be a calamity to the nation and to the world. The Truman Administration, generally successful in foreign policy but ineffective domestically, might usefully be replaced with something better. It would be no good to replace it with something worse.

Many people feel that way; hence the strength of the movement for the nomination of General Eisenhower. Some Democrats, even, wistfully talk of nominating him if the President refuses to run again, though there is every reason to suppose that in so far as a professional soldier has any politics, Eisenhower is a Republican. He knows little about domestic issues, and seems to be more conservative than Taft. But on international affairs he is the best man the Republicans could put up, and he has the invaluable ability to inspire men of all nations with faith and hope. Whether, however, he will have the opportunity so to inspire his fellow countrymen is something that no one can predict at this time.

With which I shall wish you a happy New Year, reminding you once more that the hope that we may have one we owe largely to the army in Korea.—From a talk in the Home Service

Land of Reindeer and Bears

TOM HOPKINSON on the Lapps and their forest

OUT of Rovaniemi, Lapland's little capital, towards the tundras of the north, runs the proudly-named Arctic Highway. The way to travel it is in one of the yellow post-buses which pull daily out of the vast dusty or snow-covered square. On board such a rattling bus I found myself one day last autumn, wearing two or three sweaters, several pairs of socks, a ski-ing jacket and an old duffle-coat borrowed in Helsinki.

It is an eight-hour journey to the little depot of Ivalo; followed, if you choose, by a few hours' further rattling to Karigasnjemi, far up along the frontier where Finland meets Norway to the north of Sweden. And it is on this eight-hour journey that you enter, imperceptibly, the fabulous regions of the north. Only a few kilometres out of Rovaniemi you cross the Arctic Circle, and are in a land where the seasons have turned upside down. It is October, but in the small fields and forest clearings hay-harvest is still going on. Crops, precious to the last handful, are being draped on wires or posts to catch the last hours of sunshine. In the farmyards, animals of all kinds stand silently together, horses, dogs, sheep and cows, motionless, waiting for the winter, as if aware that any day now, when the byre doors close behind them, they will not be out again until May. Farming here is a matter of nice calculation. In the coldest parts of Lapland there is a period of growth of less than four months in the year: just enough for potatoes, but for nothing else. Even where the period is longer, a farmer must reckon that, if spring comes late, or autumn sets in a few days early, his whole crop may fail. Such slender variations were responsible in the past for dreadful famines, falling, not now and then, but as often as one year in five. Maps of a century ago mark off the areas in which powdered birch-bark is regularly mixed with flour in baking bread.

As the bus rattles its way north, one can watch, through steamed-up windows, the forests shrink. That is, they still cover the whole landscape—except for the lakes bare now of every water-bird, unstirred by ripples, and with a thin crackle of ice along their shores—but the trees themselves are smaller. Here, in the dark and cold, it takes up to four times as long for a tree to reach the height it would do in the south: so that a spruce which looks thirty years old is in fact more than a centenarian. In this dwarf forest, snow-deep for six months and pale green with reindeer-moss for the rest, live the creatures of the old fairy-stories: bears, wolves and foxes. They are here, not by ones and twos, but in such quantities that you get a bounty for any you may shoot: only the elk are carefully protected. The bus meets bears quite often. A day or two ago, the driver says, a woman and a child on the road to Inari came face to face with a bear and its cub. Both parties looked at one another—and both ran away. However, if you meet a bear and are defenceless, it is unwise to run unless a house is handy.

What should one do then? Apparently the old travellers' tale is true: You should lie down and sham dead. It is not only that the bear is uneasy in presence of something dead, but its favourite attack is to grasp and hug. It does not know quite what to make of something prostrate. There is a Lappish legend that the bear thinks it has killed you by the sheer awfulness and dignity of its appearance. A Lapp out hunting, so I am told, took a shot at a bear—and missed. He at once lay down: the bear sniffed round him a whole hour. Then the Lapp got cramp in the shoulder; his arm twitched, and the bear scooped the arm off. Luckily, at that moment friends arrived. Thinking this over, as the bus rattles on, I am reminded that, outside Rovaniemi, I was taken to see the estate of a notable bear-hunter. He shot thirty-nine, and for each dead bear had a silver ring fitted round his rifle. At last, now eighty years old, he had a gold ring made and fitted. Then he shot himself . . . but that was as much as thirty years ago—and people were wilder then.

Besides bears, there are wolves, gluttons, badgers and foxes of all colours. Badgers and foxes seem homely enough—but with wolves and gluttons you are again in the world of mystery and illusion. The district around Mustola, which was my destination—tundras and lakes not far from the Russian frontier—was (and is) being harassed by a wolf. The wolf is real enough. Two nights before I got there, it had killed six sheep: the night before, it took three, swimming over to an



'The true inheritors of these northern lakes and forests . . . are the Lapps and their reindeer': Lapp herdsman enjoying a pipe; and (below) reindeer harnessed to a sleigh



island where their owner, a Lapp, had carried them for safety, and tearing them to pieces. The wolf's deeds are plain enough, and bloody; but can he really be, as they maintain, eighteen years old? Does he actually show the legendary cunning they ascribe to him? Yet if not, how is it that such skilful hunters and trappers as themselves did not make away with him long since? Only a year or two back, they say, the Government sent men in an aeroplane to kill the beast that was causing so much damage. To an aircraft on a clear day the wolf should prove easy game. They would fly low over the snow and shoot the beast, or chase it till it dropped, when hunters on skis could slaughter it, armchair fashion. But the wolf, they say, simply 'burrowed under the snow and went up into the mountains'. That the wolf actually tunnelled along as if it were a mole can hardly be accepted; but it may have had the cunning to bury itself in snowdrifts whenever the aeroplane swooped.

And then the glutton—something like a badger: up to three feet long, with an eight-inch bushy tail. In colour it is blackish-brown, and its fur, surprisingly, grows darker in the winter. It has in a sense two furs; a close pelt, from which many much longer hairs protrude. Short, bent

legs are fitted with cruel claws, and it moves over the snow like an evil doormat. Its habits are a mixture of the ferocious and the disgusting. It will eat carcasses; but is equally ready to slaughter three reindeer one after the other, springing for their throats or fastening upon the backs of their necks and clinging close until they drop. Then it tears strips of flesh, guzzles itself full, and quite often vomits the meal up to eat again. The glutton is uniquely hated by all trappers because it has the strength and cunning to rob a whole line of traps or break open store-houses. A store-house or hut entered by gluttons looks as if visited by a tornado. To omit nothing that can arouse disgust, it has the weasel family's habit of secreting and ejecting a repulsive odour.

Across the Lake

But the true inheritors of these northern lakes and forests, in tradition at least, are the Lapps and their reindeer, and it is them I have come to visit. A hired car from Ivalo carries me out to a name marked on the map as Mustola. Since it is marked, I imagine a village—nothing very grand perhaps, twenty or thirty houses and a store. It proves to be a stone hut by the roadside, with a barking dog. After a time a man comes from the hut, a Finn with a tired and kindly face. My driver talks to him for a minute, then the Finn makes signs to me to get into his boat. The boat has water in it: I arrange a wet piece of board to sit on, and he picks up the oars. As he rows, it seems to me that we are seated in the lake, coercing the piece of water inside the boat through the larger water outside.

In some strange manner, we converse. He speaks only Finnish and, as he explains, a bullet through his face during the war prevents him from hearing anything I say, even if he could understand it. But under a lowering sky, occasionally laying down his oars for emphasis, he conveys to me parts of his life-story, and I give back whatever I can of mine. Soon it is clear where we are going. There are three huts, some hundreds of yards apart, in clearings by the water's edge. From the shore in front of one of them rises a thread of smoke. I see at last that a tiny old woman is standing there looking out over the lake towards us. Slowly we near the shore, and the boat grounds. I thank the Finn, and make the mistake of trying to pay him. He waves my offer aside and sets off for home. I am left standing in a small clearing; there is a log cabin in the centre and smaller buildings round. That one, almost slipping into the lake, must be the *sauna*—the family's bath-house. Another, on wooden stilts, will be the store-house. Two or three foxes' skins are drying in the wind; and along one of the huts is a string holding a row of pikes' heads, ranged in size from one small as a snake up to one which looks as if it could eat rabbits. I walk down to the little old lady on the shore: she has a face of great antiquity, creased and folded, but gay as a child's. She seems no larger than a very big doll. When I speak, she does not answer, she does not look at me. It is clear that she is in no way being rude, but simply that she has decided not to recognise my presence. I walk back to look at the pikes' heads, the six dusty sheep, the small yellow dog. As I do so I hear voices, and round the corner of the hut come the two friends I have come to look for.

They tell me that the three huts belong to families of Scott-Lapps, a tribe whose home is now farther to the north. Only these three families are wintering here. The husband in this hut has a job in one of the teams which the Finns provide and pay, for construction work and road-making across the frontier, as part of their reparations to the Russians. Every week-end he returns and, with the help of his pay, the family keeps up the traditional life of Lapps—a life of fishing and reindeer-breeding; shooting and trapping in winter, when the wild creatures can be hunted by their footprints.

Later we go walking in the forest. There is a steady fall of wet leaves. Overripe bilberries and whortleberries explode themselves against our legs in little purple splashes. 'Listen', says the man beside me, 'that sound must be the reindeer!'

'What sound?'

'The bell. Cows and sheep carry bells too. But by now they're all shut up. That can only be the reindeer!'

A moment later there steps out of the forest, not fifty yards away, a group of a half-dozen beasts. But these are not the dusty, shambling, brownish creatures I am expecting. True lords of the forest, they carry their great horn-branches high in air, treading the pale moss with authority. Grey-and-white, black-and-white, one snow-white all over, they look like a king out walking with his courtiers. To the Lapps in their natural state, the reindeer is much more than a household animal.

True, the Lapp lives off the reindeer, eating his meat, making summer and winter clothing, bed-coverings, shoes even and gloves out of his skin, using his horns for implements. But the reindeer is also a companion, having his own rights—in particular the right to express his opinion. He runs free, drawing the sleigh. His head is not pulled about with reins or bit. He is told beforehand the journey asked of him, and when he comes to a cross-roads, he stops. The Lapp, his master, gets down from the sleigh and brings a special stick, which he lays down on the track. The Lapp is careful to lay the stick pointing the way he does *not* wish to go, for the reindeer, being an independent creature, never follows the stick, but selects the other road.

As for the Lapps themselves and their unusual powers, one should not assert on little knowledge. But one thing is unmistakable. The Lapps have a sense of direction through their trackless forests, and over their hundreds of miles of winding lakes, which so-called civilised man has lost. If they had not this, they could never have survived. The forest is featureless: the range of vision seldom more than a few hundred yards. There are no villages in our sense of the word, only scattered huts. For weeks on end total darkness reigns, with perhaps even the stars obscured. Yet the Lapp finds his way without map or compass, and he does not do it by thinking or working it all out by calculation. He simply *knows*. Alexis Kivi in *The Seven Brothers* gives a vivid picture of how this power of direction works. He is speaking, not of a Lapp, but of an old Finn hunter, living a century ago in the forests much further south:

No place existed, however distant, the direction of which he did not believe himself to know, without the error of a hairsbreadth, after a single visit. He pointed towards it immediately with his thumb; and it was in vain to argue with him, so firmly he trusted in his own knowledge. If for instance you asked him: 'Where is Vuokatti Fell?' he would answer at once, butting his thumb at the horizon: 'There, look along my thumb; over there, couldst shoot it. Kuusamo church is where that little dip is; but a tiny cock's stride to the right runs the line to Vuokatti Fell'. Similarly, if you asked him: 'Where is Porrassalmi battlefield?' he would again answer straightway, butting his thumb at the horizon: 'There, look along my thumb: over there, couldst shoot it'.

Up in the far north the air is thin and clear, the boundary between possible and impossible wears thin. One ceases to regard something as incredible because scientists would not know how to account for it. The Lapp not only finds his way perfectly about his country—that is beyond dispute. He also, it is said, will set off to meet a fellow-Lapp fifty miles away in a particular glade, say in two days' time—and *will* meet him, having exchanged no visible communication first. As he approaches his hut on his return, his wife, aware of his coming, prepares his meal.

Communication without Speech

I give these reports without proof or argument, but with two comments. First, we know that there is in ourselves the rudiments (or the vanishing relic) of a power to communicate without speech. But when it happens that two of ourselves both do or say the same thing at the same time—or set off into town and 'happen' to meet—we call it 'coincidence'; a convenient portmanteau word into which anything not fully comprehended can be packed. The Lapp, living a remote and solitary life, has far fewer minds to influence or be affected by. His whole thought is concentrated on the family circle, the creatures he owns, and the few neighbours with whom he has dealings. So it is less surprising for him to be aware of the moment when a friend fifty miles away needs help, or wants to do business with him. Nor has he our own pressing sense of time. If the Lapp sets out to meet a friend, both sides are satisfied to meet on the same day: it is not the question of a lunch-hour, lasting from one to two, or of fitting the meeting into a crowded engagement book. And if the wife puts her cooking-pot on the fire, it may be afternoon or late evening when her man arrives.

As for their solitariness, Robert Crottet, friend and authority on the Scott-Lapps, told me that when the Finnish Government was building a new village for them three years ago, at the upper end of Lake Inari, a little deputation came to him. They had heard that the huts in the new village were being built only two kilometres apart—and they asked him to use his influence to have three or four kilometres between each—'for no one likes to live on his neighbour's doorstep and know everything that goes on inside his home'.

It was an old woman of this tribe who told Crottet in 1938, when

he lived a whole year among them, that the Munich agreement was not going to bring peace. On the contrary war would cover the world, Finland be ravaged; and they themselves driven out of the district where they lived. Asked how she knew this, she answered that the reindeer had left their feeding-grounds and were behaving strangely; that there were pieces missing from the moon; and that the red rats were committing suicide. 'Pieces out of the moon' meant spots or unusual markings on its surface, and the suiciding rats were lemmings.

Everyone, of course, has his or her own picture of the world, and feels the right to ridicule his neighbour's. But if you stand at the door of a Lapp hut and look up to the shifting lights of the Aurora Borealis it seems as probable that their picture of the world is true as our own, more limited, one. According to their belief the lights which fade and glow and vibrate in the sky are no mere electrical discharge, but the spirit of Lappish ancestors, dancing to distract and entertain their human offspring during the long Arctic night.—*Third Programme*

The Paintings of Francis Bacon

By DAVID SYLVESTER

THESE are a number of ways of representing the world, and all of them are equally valid. Simply because, as J. Z. Young told us, 'the brain of each one of us does literally create his or her own world'. So the artist's task is not to paint things 'as they are'—the phrase indeed, is meaningless—but to make us believe that things are as he paints them. Every really creative artist presents us with a new picture of reality and convinces us that it is a true picture. And, in convincing us, he imposes his vision upon our habits of seeing the world around us. But the artist himself, before he evolves his personal vision, has habits of seeing which he has acquired from other artists. Because these habits are always deeply ingrained, he can do no more than modify the vision of those others, who are usually artists of his own time and also those masters of the past to whom he is most drawn. It is this perpetual overlapping of an existing vision by a new vision that creates a living tradition.

In recent times, however, our way of seeing has come to be shaped less by painting than by the photograph, and especially by photographs reproduced in newspapers and on the cinema screen. This smudge of greys on the front page is what Mr. Churchill looks like. These colourless lights and shadows wafted on a beam are the Trooping of the Colour. The camera has gained control of our emotions and desires: it is on the cover of the picture-paper, not behind the footlights, that we find our dream-girl. In these conditions, it would hardly be surprising if, instead of some established style of painting, the photograph became the point of departure of an artist's vision: especially if that artist were obsessed by the transient and the fugitive. This, at any rate, is what has happened in the case of Francis Bacon. We can best understand his relation to the photograph by remembering the very different way in which Degas and Sickert used it. For them it provided a new slant on reality: it showed them the world off-balance. And in their paintings they imitated this fresh and exciting way of trapping the life around them. But they were not interested in the photographs themselves; they looked through them, not at them. For Bacon, on the

other hand, the whole point of the photograph is that it is *not* something new, that on the contrary it is utterly commonplace and is the medium through which we have got used to seeing reality. Consequently, it is the photograph itself that excites him. Since its mystery for him lies in its very banality, he is fascinated above all when it takes its most banal form—the picture in the newspaper. And the result is that he tries to make the appearance of his paintings resemble that of these printed pictures.

It seems rather odd that a painter should aim at stimulating the photograph when the phrase 'photographic realism' has long been a term of contempt in art criticism. But this is because the phrase has been misused. It is generally applied to painting which portrays things as no more than the sum of their details, unified neither structurally nor imaginatively. This is exactly the opposite of what a photograph does. A photograph sees things as a whole, it envelops forms with atmosphere, it renders masses and spaces in a consistent overall texture. Indeed, the camera, in its innocent way, has tackled many of the problems that have troubled some of the greatest painters.

How, then, does Bacon set about imitating the effect of a photograph? In the first place, he paints human figures in casual, transitory positions as if they had been caught unawares in a candid camera shot. Then, he gives the surface of his paint that curious matt haziness which is characteristic of pictures in the newspapers. And, of course, his colour is predominantly grey and black. When he does introduce violets and pinks into this scheme, we merely feel that the photograph has been tinted. Next, he dissolves the contours of his forms into the surrounding atmosphere, so reproducing the smudged effect of a picture on cheap newsprint. Lastly, he avoids placing planes parallel to the picture-plane—partly because by doing so he would give the composition a formality that would destroy its casual air, and partly because such planes assert the picture-plane itself and prevent the painting from giving the impression which a photograph gives of an image existing entirely *behind* the surface it is printed on. It is



One of the paintings by Francis Bacon based on Velasquez's portrait of Pope Innocent X: from the exhibition of new paintings by Bacon at the Hanover Gallery

probably for the same purpose of dissolving away the picture-plane that Bacon always exhibits his paintings behind glass.

While all these devices produce an effect akin to that of a photograph, it is not from photography that Bacon has learned them. It is the later paintings of Rembrandt that have shown him how to use an extremely restricted range of colour, how to dissolve forms into space, and how to destroy the picture-plane. For Bacon's problem is, finally, very much a painter's problem. It is to make paint on canvas function in a way analogous to that in which ink functions on newsprint. From his attempt to do this derives one of the most remarkable and mysterious qualities of his work. Very often, when we look suddenly at a picture in the papers, our first impression is simply one of nebulous, blotchy greys whose meaning is altogether vague. Likewise, in looking at some of Bacon's paintings, we are conscious at first only of the paint, seeing it as some amorphous, ectoplasmic substance floating aimlessly on the canvas. It takes a little time before this stuff that is paint crystallises into an image. But as soon as it does crystallise, the once vague and shifting shapes become volumes modelled with a wonderful sensitivity and situated with extreme precision in space.

Immediate Sense of Pain

The certainty with which Bacon creates volumes, volumes that are tangible, is largely due to his uncanny sense of the exact degree of tension along each form. One of his pictures shows the lower half of a human face with the mouth open in a scream which is provoked by the fact that one ear is attached to a cord drawn out taut from the ceiling of a room. What makes this image so overwhelmingly moving—at the level of tragedy, not of Grand Guignol—is how vividly we are made to realise the tightness of the cord. The intense grasp of the physical reality of the situation makes us feel it is ourselves who are being tortured. This immediate sense of pain is engendered again by the way in which Bacon, in a painting of the Crucifixion, causes us to sense the tension of the stretched-out armpits and biceps. Likewise, in painting flesh, Bacon conveys the exact variations of its softness and resilience at different places. And when he clothes his figures, the paint explains precisely where and how the fabric clings to the body.

Should it be asked why Bacon bothers to paint at all if he is going to simulate the photograph, it can be answered that no photograph can suggest tactile sensations of the kind I have described. But this is not the only respect in which the painter, while imitating the camera's effects, can give his image far more reality than a camera can. The mechanical eye of the camera cannot produce a deliberate and controlled distortion, and such distortion of what the eye sees is imperative if an illusion on a flat surface of a solid world is to be perfectly convincing. Again, much of the emotional effect of an image derives from the precision with which the shapes are related, and the painter has complete freedom, which the photographer has not, to determine the exact form and size of every shape in his image. Consider what happens when the painter and photographer are snatching at an instantaneous reality. In both cases we sense that an instant from now the forms will have changed position. In the photograph, where the present situation of the forms is inevitably haphazard, this promise of movement means nothing. In a painting, where their situation seems no less accidental but is in fact scrupulously planned, the promise of movement threatens to break an exquisite balance and therefore charges the image with tension. Altogether, then, the kind of quasi-photograph that Francis Bacon paints can be far more real and far more dramatic than any true photograph.

More dramatic and more real—but still presented in the casual, everyday guise of pictures in the newspaper. And it is just this that makes Bacon's work so disturbing, because his subject matter is not that of the newspapers: it is a mythology of terror. It consists largely of variations upon three themes. One is the Crucifixion. The second is the figure of a man whose world is bounded and dominated by a curtain hanging behind him. In one picture he crouches in front of it, in another is about to escape through a gap in it. In others, he is dissolving into it, for his image is actually imprinted on the curtain's folds. These are images of man's isolation, threatening death. A seated man with his mouth opened in a scream is the third theme. One of the most haunting examples shows the man seated before a microphone. The upper half of his face has melted away, for the whole meaning of his existence is a gaping mouth which seems to give vent simultaneously to the ravings of a dictator and the shriek of his victims. The present exhibition includes two screaming figures whose pose and clothes are

based on Velasquez's portrait of Pope Innocent X. In these, the atmosphere is so oppressive that the open mouths seem silent, as if the scream were too awful to be uttered.

When these horrifying phantasms are presented to us, as they are, in the same form as the film star getting into her aeroplane, and the goalkeeper failing to make a save, they become all the more disquieting, because all the more to be taken for granted. And it is this, I believe, that gives Bacon's work its value: that he has distilled the essence of human agony and presented it in a perfectly matter-of-fact way. Like Kafka, indeed. And as with Kafka, it only seems to be a matter-of-fact way. For this, after all, is really a disguise that overlays the lyrical qualities of these works—I mean the exquisite subtlety of their modelling, the hushed beauty of their colour, the expansiveness of their space, the rather discreet grandeur of their form.

In spite of their lyric qualities, which are eternal, it may be that the magic which Bacon's pictures have for us owes too much to their relevance to certain peculiarities of our age. If this is so, his work will date and future generations will see him as a far smaller figure than we do. But I do know that for me he is today the most important living painter—by which I do not mean the greatest—because no other has expressed as he has our particular attitude to human suffering. To paint what is anguished in the modern world has been, on the whole, the prerogative of the Expressionists—painters who frenziedly inflict their personal torment upon the objects represented, so that these become mangled and deformed, and therefore not completely convincing. Their approach still corresponds to the attitude towards suffering of the period at which Expressionism originated—the tortured bitterness and indignation which we find in the plays of Strindberg, and which we would expect to find in an age that had only just lost faith both in religion and in liberalism. Our attitude to suffering—and again I mean suffering which is pointless and not a means to salvation—our attitude is more detached, more sophisticated: we are ready to try to accept and understand it.

Some might suggest that this attitude informs the art of the Surrealists: certainly, they presented their visions of pain and cruelty with a clarity, an absence of deformation, an impersonality, that seem to spell detachment and acceptance. But there is no real detachment in the frigid and minute enumeration and examination of one's nightmares. What there is is a desperate attempt to exorcise one's fears by looking at them with the cold unblinking stare of the dead. Bacon is as free of this morbidity as he is free of the hysteria and self-dramatisation of the Expressionists. He puts horror on canvas with sobriety and dignity and that warmth with which all true artists see whatever is. His paintings embody the attitude which is essentially that of our generation, a generation which has had to learn to go beyond despair: the attitude expressed in the closing words of *Huis Clos*, when Garcin, having recognised that there is no way out and that frustration is endless, says, '*Eh bien, continuons*'. The attitude that life is hell and we had better get used to the idea.—*Third Programme*

In the Luxembourg Gardens

To whom September suns repeat
the steady grief that few things last
with meaning or desire,
to them relentlessly again
the autumn brings too soon its name.
And shocking is its fire.

For them all history is a death:
and their regret when summer fades
becomes a cruel disease
whose fever lasts. Yet they remain
to judge the brilliance of the game:
and by the bronzing trees,

before the terraces of leaves,
the oleander flowers announce
to them one fact: a choir
it is that sings the subtle gain
of living on through lasting shame,
to fight where others tire.

DWIGHT SMITH

Crossing the Rubicon

JULIAN HALL on the painter Glyn Philpot

AT last, fourteen years after Glyn Philpot's death, a book has appeared in commemoration of his work.* The book is very handsome; it contains one hundred and twenty-one plates, and the first eight of these are in colour. But the work of Mr. A. C. Sewter, the editor, has not ended with the selection of these admirable plates, nor with his clear and concise introduction. In the bibliography he has called attention to some statements made by Philpot himself, and these, taken in conjunction with the paintings, have great interest for the student of his career.

Glyn Philpot, born in 1884, held his first one-man exhibition in 1910 and thirteen years later, in 1923, was elected to full membership of the Royal Academy. In June 1932 a show at the Leicester Galleries announced that he had begun to paint in a 'new manner'; in the words of *The Times* critic it proclaimed 'a sudden jump to a new kind of picture . . . a decision to go modern'. In an interview published in *The Studio* in November of that year Mr. R. H. Wilenski suggested to Philpot that he had crossed a Rubicon. Philpot agreed, and in the following June he developed the idea in an article in *Apollo*. He held four exhibitions in England during the next four years, but in November 1937 he crossed another Rubicon. He died suddenly of heart failure. He was then fifty-three.

Mr. Wilenski began his interview for *The Studio* by defining the style of Philpot's early work. He had aimed at producing a sumptuous Venetian colour, at creating points of focus for elegant drawing-rooms. Philpot accepted Wilenski's interpretation; he had built up his pictures with underpainting, as the Old Masters did, and had then worked the colour with successive glazes, covering the whole with a glaze of varnish mixed with ivory black or sienna. But he did this no longer. He used no more glazes. He wanted a different kind of surface (like linen rather than satin, suggested Wilenski), on which he would be able to paint more clearly something that had always been present in his imagination—namely the other side of the Rubicon. 'I used to think', said Philpot, 'that it was possible to express my consciousness of the other side of the Rubicon within what you call an *objet de luxe*. But I now think that there is something in the very nature of an *objet de luxe* which conflicts with such a content and destroys it'. 'You would say, I think', suggested Wilenski, 'if the Academy and Civilisation had not made you ashamed to say it, that you are now less interested in drawing-rooms than in souls'. 'Yes, that is right', Philpot answered, 'my new manner is nothing but an attempt to overcome that shame'.

As Wilenski said, it was a brave thing for a man in Philpot's position to have done, for it exposed him to the charge, which has never been forgotten, that the new manner was a stunt. Had it borne obvious traces of conflict, had it even lost in accomplishment and elegance, both critics and public would have been more ready to believe that the impulse behind it was serious. They felt a contradiction between subject and

form, and the interest of Philpot's article in *Apollo* is that it defines his own experience of the manner in which the two things came to be related.

The subject, according to him, was not the starting-point of a picture. The starting-point was a juxtaposition of forms, lines and textures already possessing a definite character, and the subject, appearing suddenly from an accident of place or memory, gave to these things a definite direction. In doing so, it performed the same function which a character in a play performs for an actor. 'The emotion which gradually fills a picture in the making can be more fully expressed under the disguise of a chosen subject'. For the most part these subjects were myths and legends 'subdued to accord with what one has determined to do'; and it was precisely because the disguise was apparent that the works were judged to be polite compromises with that which Philpot had 'determined to do'.

But to some natures compromise is an absolute necessity, not because of cowardice but because of fastidiousness. Their reluctance to express an emotion directly is not less strong than the emotion itself. A disguise is the only medium they can tolerate; and in Philpot's case the disguise was not borrowed; it was

shaped with all his meticulous craftsmanship and the respect for form and texture which he felt. He turned to mythology for the subjects of his paintings not from dilettantism, but from humility, from a wish to present his emotion impersonally and to associate it with the experience of the race. If the picture remained an *objet de luxe*—not of the same kind as his earlier work, but an *objet de luxe* more rare and distinctive—this merely confirms Philpot's contention that his work underwent a development but no change. He had told Wilenski that his new manner was nothing but an attempt to overcome shame on finding that drawing-rooms were less interesting than souls; and the attempt succeeded; the shame was overcome—but only at the cost of wearing a disguise.

The disguise, however, was fittingly chosen. It was perfectly consistent with the quick generosity and the grave sweetness of his outlook on the world.



'Acrobats Waiting to Rehearse' (1935)

From 'Glyn Philpot'

* *Glyn Philpot (1884-1937)*. Introduction by A. C. Sewter. Foreword by Thomas Bodkin. Batsford. £4 4s.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Hitler's Strategy

By F. H. Hinsley. Cambridge. 18s.

STRATEGY IS USUALLY DEFINED as the means by which armies are brought to the battlefield (as opposed to tactics, which are the means by which they fight on them). In other words strategy treats of operations of war. But the author does not use the term in this sense, as he is careful to point out. He is concerned solely with the selection and planning of campaigns, or grand strategy. It is important to stress this point as the reader may otherwise expect in this book more than he will find. There are two more limitations: only the first two years of the war are dealt with in any detail, the last eighteen months being dismissed in a few pages—probably because the author considers—and Hitler seems to concur—that the war was lost to Germany by the end of 1941. The third limitation is that the book is based primarily on the German naval archives, which were captured intact, and thus the book possesses a slight naval bias—as the author with disarming frankness admits. Moreover there is nothing really new in this book, the documents on which it is based having already been printed. But they are voluminous, and this masterly *résumé* of them will be welcome to the average student of affairs.

Indeed the book is welcome for several reasons. It is quite dispassionate, and judicial in tone. When the author expresses a judgment of his own it is supported by the documents he has quoted, and these judgments will command general consent. What is the nature of these assessments? On the whole the Fuhrer comes out of it rather well. 'Hitler's strategy up to the fall of France was . . . eminently sound and correct'. Thereafter, though he often showed vacillation to a surprising degree, and made many false calculations—notably that we should invade Norway in 1941—his judgments were on the whole rather shrewd. For example he realised at once the fatal import of Pearl Harbour to the German cause, and it was from that moment that his grand strategy assumed a defensive slant. Then again, he had evident qualms from the outset about the prospects of an invasion of England.

It is generally agreed that Hitler's crowning mistake was his break with Russia, and it is interesting to trace the cause of it. There can be little doubt that it is directly attributable to Wavell's offensive in North Africa. This offensive had astonishingly important effects: 'By alarming Franco it led directly to the collapse of the German plan for the capture of Gibraltar. By alarming Hitler . . . it sealed his determination to turn on Russia'. The bold action of General Wavell may come to be quoted as one of the classic examples of the power and advantage of the offensive. Fortunately the 'defensive school' in this country is now discredited; but if ever it raises its head again the one name Sidi Barrani should silence it.

The German invasion of the Balkans can now be assessed in relation to the attack on Russia, and there can be little doubt that once Hitler had resolved on the latter he was right to carry through the former as a 'curtain raiser'. Criticism of Roosevelt's policy of unconditional surrender is frequently voiced in England, but the author makes it clear that this policy can have had no influence on Hitler, who 'rather than give way would sacrifice everything, even the German nation itself'. This is well said, and, depressing though it be that dictators can wield such power, it is merely 'running true to type'. Napoleon

sacrificed France, bleeding her white on the altar of his own ambitions; and he was closely copied and indeed improved upon, by the dictator of Paraguay, Lopez, half a century later.

Many repetitions in this book make it unduly long for its scope, but it is admirably balanced and impartial and should be welcomed by a wide circle of readers.

The Life and Loyalties of Thomas Bruce By the Earl of Cardigan.

Routledge and Kegan Paul. 21s.

This is an attractive book. It has almost every merit of a serious history which is also good to read—an interesting and endearing hero, a neglected subject and an unexpected plot, an author who writes with skill, restraint and modesty.

Thomas Bruce, Earl of Ailesbury, lived to be one of those old, old men whose lives make nonsense of the way we divide time up into centuries and generations. He was born in 1656, in the lifetime of his grandfather, the Thomas Bruce (of the lineage of Robert the Bruce) whom James I had brought to England and made Earl of Elgin. He died in 1741 in Brussels, where his only memorial still stands, having met and known all four of the later Stuart monarchs, not to talk of the great Marlborough and most of the society of Holland, Belgium and France under Louis XV. But his political life in England and alike his intellectual development ended at the great divide which came in the year 1688.

The unexpected death of his hero, Charles II, was a fact he was never able to accept, the flight of his master, James II, was a fact which he was never able to understand. For half a century, and for most of that time in exile at the court of the Governor of Belgium, he stood as a living symbol of a society and an attitude which refused to realise that the end had come and gone. A plotter against William of Orange, but no Jacobite, a secret convert to Catholicism, but not bigot; the husband of a Belgian wife and an ornament of a Belgian court, but as English as his English tailor and his English beer; he was a magnificent example of that obstinate tenacity which has been the outstanding political virtue of the British aristocracy.

When such a man has set down his recollections of such a life and they have survived to become a historical source, there is indeed an important opening for an attractive biography. The Earl of Cardigan is too modest about his book. Of course it was worth 'devoting such careful study to the doings of a minor historical character' as he calls him. But in places he adopts a modification of the historical novelist's style, which is not wholly effective, especially at the opening. It is a little unfortunate, moreover, that he has found it necessary to make occasional explanations of the historical scene in order that the general reader may be able to follow the story, for this sometimes leads him into solecism. It is no longer thought, for example, that Dryden's wonderful caricature of 'the false Achitophel' is a just judgment on the first Earl of Shaftesbury, or that the crown was ineffective in the early eighteenth century because George I could not speak English. But he has been extraordinarily scrupulous in the use of evidence from the remarkable collection of papers at Savernake and his narrative rings true throughout.

He tells his story, of course, with a skill which

we have come to expect from his account of his escape through France in *I Walked Alone*. He seems to get the very best out of Ailesbury's bald narrative and some of the descriptions he quotes are quite remarkable. There is, for instance, the famous account of Charles II's last night before his final illness chattering to the gentlemen of his bedchamber in his favourite retreat—whilst 'Bruce stood by holding a candle and Harry Kiligrew some paper'. There is also a fascinating account of the exiled Ailesbury during Marlborough's Lowland campaign, passing as a civilian between army and army, alternately entertaining the rival commanders to dinner. But literary judgment is shown at its best in his treatment of his subject as a tiresome old man—the impression is given but the boredom is never allowed to communicate itself. This is good reading and it does not tire.

The British Amphibians and Reptiles By Malcolm Smith. Collins. 21s.

The New Naturalist series, of which some eighteen volumes have already appeared, has established a reputation for informative and well illustrated works on a wide variety of natural history subjects. Most of the volumes have been welcome additions to the literature already available in their various fields of British natural history.

Dr. Malcolm Smith's new book is no mere addition to existing literature on the subject. It does more than any previous work in the series in that it supplies a need, long overdue. No book wholly devoted to British amphibians and reptiles has been published during the last hundred years, and since Gerald Leighton's works on British snakes and lizards early in this century only literature on highly specialised aspects of the subject of herpetology has appeared, mostly in form of papers to erudite societies.

No one could be better qualified than Dr. Smith to write this book, which is the more overdue in view of the fact that knowledge of British amphibians and reptiles has been enormously increased in the last twenty-five years or so. Moreover, now that study of this branch of our fauna is increasing apace largely in the hands of amateurs, such a book will come as a welcome guide to those who work in a field where written guidance is virtually non-existent. Dr. Smith must have had this fact in mind when devoting his final chapter to unsolved problems in herpetology—a chapter which contains a wealth of valuable suggestions for future research.

The book is admirably planned, being divided into separate sections, each of which deals with one of the four main groups into which our British species fall. After a preliminary description of structural characteristics, habits and peculiarities of each group, the author deals with the individual species as they appear, behave and are distributed in these islands. The figures illustrating the text are excellent and the photographs in monochrome are of a uniformly high standard. The colour photographs are attractive though not always entirely accurate. This is particularly the case with the Natterjack Toad whose green coloration in the plate is far too lurid and dark. This, however, is probably due as much to the shortcomings of present photographic emulsions as to any error on the part of the photographer or in the process of reproduction. As against this, the snakes, the common lizard and the slowworm are admirably accurate.

Dr. Smith's style in dealing with the characteristics of the various orders or sub-orders is lucid and succinct and, while containing a wealth of information, never gives the impression of being consciously condensed. Indeed, it is remarkable how much he has packed into this book. It is probably the chapters on the individual species which will appeal to the majority of his readers, as these contain a mass of observations, the result of his many years experience in the field. Usually a book of this kind must inevitably contain a large quantity of material which has been published in other works, but there is little chance of this in Dr. Smith's book, which concerns a subject so obviously neglected in this country. The diagrams representing the yearly cycle of events in the life histories of the various species are as ingenious as they are compact and instructive, though the pattern has been used before in James Fisher's book on *Bird Recognition*.

The all-round field naturalist will find a store of information of which he was formerly unaware and even the specialist will rejoice in the production of a volume which—to use the words of the cover—is likely to remain 'the standard work on the subject for a generation or so'.

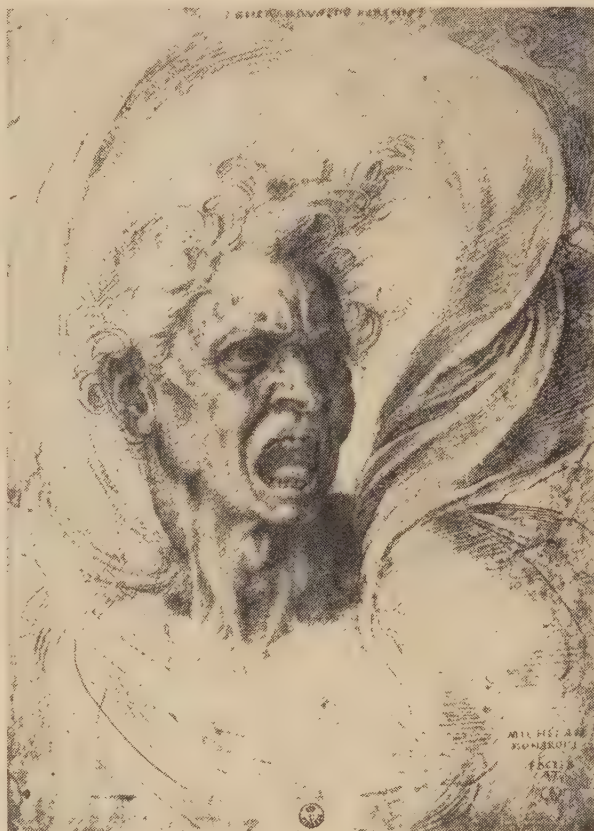
Michelangelo Drawings. Edited by Ludwig Goldscheider. Phaidon Press. 42s.

The Phaidon volumes on the paintings and sculptures of Michelangelo must have served many people as a bridge to the work of one of the greatest of all artists. But a knowledge of Michelangelo based only on finished works is, in the nature of things, incomplete. 'Great as he was as sculptor, painter, architect', writes Symonds, 'he was only perfect and impeccable as draughtsman . . . His most interesting and instructive work remains what he performed with pen and chalk in hand'. With praiseworthy initiative the Phaidon Press have now issued a third volume exploring that rich mine, the drawings of Michelangelo.

In the event the intention is more laudable than the result. The new book, like its predecessors, is edited by Mr. Ludwig Goldscheider, who has not previously been associated with this highly specialised field. In its present form the book is likely to meet the needs neither of scholar nor of connoisseur. Mr. Goldscheider takes an expansionist view of Michelangelo's drawings, and has aimed at 'the inclusion of as many as possible of those drawings by Michelangelo which have been wrongly rejected'. The drawings 'wrongly rejected' fall into three main categories. The first and most important consists of highly finished studies, whose attribution to Michelangelo has been consistently sustained by certain students and was vindicated a year or two ago in the catalogue of the sixteenth-century Italian drawings in the Royal Collection. These 'presentation drawings' should be represented, and amply represented, in a Michelangelo anthology. The second category, smaller and less significant, comprises a number of drawings made by Michelangelo for paintings by Sebastiano del Piombo, which are still given by most critics to Sebastiano. It is right that these drawings should also appear in an anthology. The third category, far larger, consists of drawings so slight or so weak in execution that they have been dismissed on qualitative grounds. Art historians may occupy themselves in hauling these studies out of no-man's-land and dragging them to the safety of their catalogues, but there is no case for repro-

ducing them in any general book. Far too many of them appear in this.

The impression that the volume is a compromise between an academic study of the drawings and a popular introduction to Michelangelo the draughtsman, persists when we pass from the illustrations to the text. This is composed of a general preface, notes on the plates and two appendices. Some of the notes cover the same ground as entries in the Windsor volume, and the two books offer a lesson in how drawings should and should not be catalogued. The purpose of notes in a volume of this nature is to assist the reader's understanding of the object reproduced; here, however, they serve as a barri-



'Damned Soul' (c. 1522), by Michelangelo, in the Uffizi
From 'Michelangelo Drawings'

cade to fence off the spectator from the work of art. Special exception must be taken to the often misleading notes on iconography. The introduction is written in a spirit of tendentious pedantry, and sets one longing for the memorable chapter in the *Drawings of the Florentine Painters*, in which Berenson, with great moral elevation and unforgettable simplicity of language, sets these same drawings against the background of Michelangelo's development.

Symonds, in his life of Michelangelo, expresses gratitude for 'those marvellous photographic processes which nowadays have placed the choicest of his masterpieces within the reach of everyone'. In practice photography has done scant justice to the drawings of Michelangelo, and even in this book the first impression is of the insuperable difficulty of reproducing these masterly sheets. The effect of the plates as a whole is harder and considerably darker than it should have been. In drawings like the 'Battle Scene' at Oxford the impetuous penmanship becomes nerveless and dull, and the tactile properties of the early studies from Masaccio have all but disappeared. But with Michelangelo the danger that a false impression

may prove indelible is less great than with other artists, for no less than sixty-one of the hundred and thirty odd plates in this book illustrate drawings in public collections in this country, and readers can thus check for themselves the simulacrum against the reality. Certainly the volume will have justified itself if it succeeds in sending purchasers back to these incomparable works.

Shakespeare. By G. I. Duthie.

Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

The Meaning of Shakespeare.

By Harold C. Goddard.

Cambridge. 45s.

Shakespeare: Complete Works

Edited by Peter Alexander.

Collins. 15s.

Professor Duthie's book, in Hutchinson's University Library series, is less a study of Shakespeare the dramatist than an introduction to the mysteries of Shakespearean criticism. With Professor Duthie as guide, initiates in this art need have no despair; they are led safely down the middle way between Bradley and Stoll—between that great peak, never overshadowed, where 'real life' characters live, and the opposing lower one whose inhabitants are but players in a play. Without fear they are bidden to gaze on the Fiery Wheel which hangs over the School of Knight ('often helpful and extremely illuminating'). Hamlet's Oedipus Complex, as diagnosed by Dr. Jones, is examined, and Dr. Tillyard's Great Chain of Being is described to them. The links of this Chain form the chapters' main connections, for the 'order-disorder antithesis' is perceived everywhere. 'Practical man of the theatre, artist *par excellence*, Shakespeare', says Mr. Duthie, 'was a thinker too'—a thinker in that 'his mind was obviously full of philosophical ideas'. But it is an armchair critic, one who has left the theatre too far behind, who examines 'The Taming of the Shrew' not as farce, but as a study in the upset of order when a wife rules her husband; and who finds in 'Twelfth Night' social corrective.

Professor Duthie's introduction to criticism is also a practical demonstration of method; he takes a play or group of plays for simultaneous discussion with each kind of critical approach. Those who know the ground already may find his tour somewhat pedestrian; for those who do not it is an excellent guide, written with concision and considerable skill. Two important landmarks, each worthy of at least a paragraph, are missed: Caroline Spurgeon's work on Shakespeare's imagery (her book is also omitted from the short list for suggested further reading), and Harley Granville-Barker's *Prefaces*. A word on the respective merits of the Penguin, New Cambridge and Arden editions might also have been useful to the general reader.

Emerson wrote:

The little Shakespeare in a village maiden's heart
Makes Romeo of a ploughboy on his cart

In *The Meaning of Shakespeare* Dr. Goddard appeals to the little Shakespeare in each of us to get what we can out of the plays. The little Shakespeare in Dr. Goddard imagines great Shakespeare saying: 'Yes, I love to have my stories taken as drama, but I love still more to have them taken as poetry', so leaving aside 'the three main branches of academic criticism, the textual, the historical and the theatrical', our

author retires to his armchair with the Complete Works, to deliver an extensive, humane and sympathetic commentary on what he finds in each of the plays. The gentleness of this scholar's nature is immediately attractive. Though historical and theatrical evidence shriek to the contrary, he will not concede that Shakespeare could have permitted violence on the stage without disapproving of it. So, in Shakespeare's opinion, Hamlet should never have contemplated blood revenge; Henry V should never have gone to war; Romeo should never have tried to separate Tybalt and Mercutio. Dr. Goddard considers the moment before Romeo's intervention in the duel 'the crisis of Romeo's life. . . . There is nothing to surpass it in all Shakespeare, not even in "Hamlet" or "King Lear", not, one is tempted to think, in all the drama of the world'. For then 'he descends from the level of love to the level of violence'.

The drawbacks of an approach which will not allow that Shakespeare was fashioning a stage entertainment from materials already to hand become increasingly apparent as one reads. For it is no use applying the ethical standards by which Dr. Goddard would judge modern behaviour to poetic drama of the late sixteenth century. When we turn to the chapters on 'Henry IV', on 'Measure for Measure' or on 'The Tempest' we can be pretty sure in advance what the author will think of Hal, Isabella and Prospero. Dr. Goddard does not judge the plays: he judges the actions of the people in them, and so his book is not really literary criticism. Statements like 'Kate (in "The Shrew") is a cross child who is starved for love', or 'perhaps Henry was more seduced by Falstaff than he was willing to admit', have a curious irrelevancy to the stage-figures.

He may also decide to return to the text, and —assuming that he does not have a complete Arden, or a New Cambridge approaching completion (by far the pleasantest reading edition)—he will probably pull down from his shelf the Collected Works. The best single-volume editions, for some years, have been the Oxford Shakespeare, with Craig's text of 1894, at 12s. 6d., and Blackwell's Shakespeare Head edition at 13s. 6d. with A. H. Bullen's text. Professor Peter Alexander's 'Tudor Shakespeare' now comes from Glasgow to rival these two, with the first new single-volume text to appear for sixty years. The editing of a popular edition should be reasonably conservative, and aim always at intelligibility (so far as that is possible with only a short glossary and without explanatory notes). Some modern emendations are included in this edition, but the difficult cruxes remain as obscure as ever. On the whole, the 'Tudor Shakespeare's' text does not appear markedly superior to its predecessors. But typographically it is decidedly inferior to them. The type-face chosen is too large to print (in double columns) the longer lines of verse without breaking them. For instance, in Macbeth's speech which opens Act I Scene 7, there are twenty-seven complete lines. Fourteen of them 'over-run' in this edition. The Oxford Shakespeare breaks five, Blackwell's only three. Professor Alexander retains, rightly, the scene-divisions and terse stage-directions of tradition.

Russia Past and Present. By Anatole G. Mazour. Macmillan, 63s.

Professor Mazour, one of the distinguished group of émigré historians working in the United States, is already known for his study of the Decembrist rising, which naturally leads one to expect great things from his latest, more general, survey of Russian history.

It should be said at once that this is, indeed, a splendid book. Section by section, the author

builds up his composite picture of Russian life and civilisation from early times. Geographical factors, religion, agriculture and industry, literature and the theatre, fine art and music (the latter discussed in a special article by Dr. Cyclone Covey), all these receive able and at times brilliant treatment. The earlier political and economic history and international relations of Muscovy are covered in broad outline, though not without many picturesque details (Dr. Mazour even finds time to mention poor Nikiphor Alphery, a Russian student in this country who became Anglican rector of a Huntingdonshire parish, only to be dispossessed under Cromwell and later honourably commemorated in Walker's *Sufferings of the Clergy*).

The sections on later Tsarist Russia are especially detailed and masterly. The 1917 Revolution and its results are analysed with great fairness. Coming to recent events, however, Dr. Mazour seems to get a trifle bogged down in the international complications that preceded, accompanied and followed the late war. Vitally important as these are, the time has scarcely yet come when a general history of Russia can have two hundred pages devoted to them without sacrificing something of the impartiality and cool assessment of long-term trends desirable in a non-ephemeral introduction to Russian studies. Here and there, one even has a suspicion of bias, as when the author says that General Bor-Komorowski's Warsaw rising of 1944 was 'aimed not so much against the Wehrmacht as against Soviet Russia', neglecting even to hint at the fact that the Soviet command is persistently alleged to have broadcast to the people of Warsaw to rise, and when they had risen, prevented the Anglo-American air forces from dropping them any aid. But all things considered, this will rank with the late B. H. Sumner's standard survey among the most important recent contributions to Russian historical studies.

The chronological tables and bibliography are exceptionally comprehensive. It is an ideal book for the well-informed general reader, while specialists will find it a store of fact and sound judgment.

Lely. By R. B. Beckett.

Routledge and Kegan Paul. 42s.

A well-illustrated catalogue *raisonné* of the paintings of Sir Peter Lely has long been needed, so that some of the poor studio replicas, as well as the falsely attributed portraits, could be weeded from his work to show him as the really remarkable painter that he was. What we dislike in Lely are merely the conventions and fashions that his sitters demanded. Today, with our over-hygienic preference for lack of ornamentation, we can be too sensitive to the movement and fuss, as well as the properties, of a Restoration portrait.

It is still too early for this ideal catalogue, and although the photographic and documentary material of several scholars, put together, would make a book, there has still not been a sufficient amount of material combed from the great private collections in England. Mr. Beckett has perhaps been over courageous, and although he has given us a useful book it can only be considered as an interim, and not over accurate, contribution to our knowledge of Lely. Perhaps the publishers would have been wiser, at this stage of our knowledge, to have had a general seventeenth-century volume in their admirable 'English Master Painters' series.

Mr. Beckett's introduction is quite estimable, but there are not nearly enough documentary sources given, and much is left unexplained. The catalogue is very incomplete, and since the author has been forced to compress it into the shrunken format of the series, he has invented

abbreviations which must be irritating to all but amateurs of codes. *LES*, for example, means 'picture finished by or through Sonnius', *BLO* (Bust length in feigned oval) is also a useful acquisition for catalogue compilers. Where there is definite documentary evidence for dating, as in the portraits of the Dering family, this is either not known or not quoted. Furthermore, the portrait of Dering himself is omitted, although still united with that of his wife at Parham. In short, Mr. Beckett has done some hard work in compiling his table of abbreviations and in sorting out poses, though he has ignored the help the drawings give for this latter task, but he has not gone through accounts and papers which are essential for lifting any volume of this sort from the realms of the picture-book. No serious student of the period would have allowed Hugh May to be considered Lely's 'servant', although he was disguised as such on Lely's pass to Holland in 1656.

The plates are most useful, and on the whole well reproduced. Mr. Beckett rightly believes that Lely's work was most attractive before the Restoration, and therefore gives a generous amount of plates to this period. It is pleasant also to have all the large family groups illustrated (except for the one at Chequers, which strangely enough is hidden firmly from students) and many of the little-known subject pieces. Over his selection of later portraits Mr. Beckett is less happy. All choice of plates must be a personal one, but the exclusion of the beautiful Anne Hyde at Edinburgh, the double portrait of Lely and Hugh May at Audley End; and, above all, the two superb full-lengths at Arundel and the fascinating full-length of Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, the dwarfs, must be regretted.

The Schoolmaster. By Aubrey de Selincourt. Lehmann. 8s. 6d.

There could be no greater praise for this little twentieth-century book than to compare it favourably with its famous forerunner of the sixteenth, Roger Ascham's *The Schoolmaster*. Much has changed in outward form, content and scope of educational provision in those four centuries, but comparatively little in depth of the intuitive grasp of the nature of the teacher's calling, albeit the attitude implied by this perception is now a much commoner possession.

There can be little doubt that de Selincourt knows his Ascham, but there is no sign of conscious imitation. The affinity of this modern and that Elizabethan, is a deep affinity of the spirit, a belief that success in their calling lies not in system or organisation but in the relationship of master and pupil. They are at one in their desire for a discipline which springs from the proper relation of adult and child, in their affirmation of the paramount influence of the home, and in their conviction that children learn effectively only what they want and need to learn. Yet both admit that under the influence of a good teacher a tiny spark of interest may be kindled to a flame of desire. Ascham, the tutor of Queen Elizabeth, could not foresee the advent of universal schooling but if he could have witnessed its fruits it is doubtful if he would have dissented from many of the shrewd but not unsympathetic judgments passed upon it by this modern commentator, who has spent all his working life outside the state system.

This is a delightful work in many ways, not least in style. The author exemplifies the truth of a saying which Ascham in his *Toxophilus* (an earlier work than *The Schoolmaster*) quotes from Aristotle to the effect that, to write well, it is necessary to speak as the common people and to write as wise men do; then every man will understand and wise men will approve.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

TELEVISION

A Case for Informality

THIS BEING THE TIME of resolution, B.B.C. television has an opportunity of resolving to defy the process by which rules and precedents become laminated into the fabric of institutional imperviousness. About the last time that an announcer had the nerve to break through the custom-barrier of sound broadcasting and be notably himself was at the war's end when, preparing the listening world for a midnight news bulletin of some importance, he added with an excitement which he could no longer hold in: '—and a cracking good bulletin it is too!' The other night, television announcer Mary Malcolm stopped in the middle of an unusually deep-voiced rendering of the weather report to exclaim: 'Oh, dear, if I go on like this I shall soon be able to sing bass at the Royal Albert Hall'. A few evenings before this there had been an apology from Joan Gilbert who complained in 'Picture Page' that her sinus trouble was affecting her audibility as a comper.

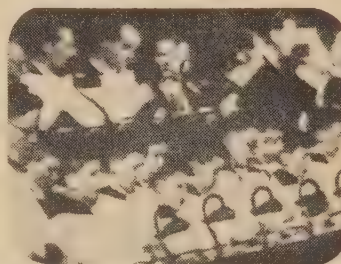
The clinical note could be overdone; but it would be a good New Year resolution for television to encourage, or, at least, not to discourage, such lapses from the formality which all too often produces the impression that announcers, for instance, live only in a single dimension. 'But does he exist?' a strict-minded woman viewer asked as McDonald-Hobley's smile faded from the screen. 'Isn't he, after all, an actor playing a part?' He may or may not be, after all, an actor playing a part, but he gives such a consistently faithful presentation of a cautiously optimistic, good-natured, friendly fellow that it is difficult and probably unjust to suppose that these qualities are alien to his temperament. And some may feel more sure of it when he brings on his black Scottie, whose

name one forgets. Let us have plenty of this informality in our television, though not too much. Let sinuses be blamed, laryngitis be publicly apologised for, sneezes permitted, pet dogs introduced: these little parenthetical infringements of the impeccable, these snooks cocked at the stereotyped and stylised, have their value as reminders that television's business is not with mere shadows on a screen but with life itself.

For this reason it is worth passing on word that the documentary activities of B.B.C. television are to be

work in the back rooms of both kinds of broadcasting: He deserves our New Year good wishes.

The Christmas emphasis was necessarily on entertainment; of the other kind of programme



The Christmas Day service from St. Paul's Cathedral—televised for the first time—as viewers saw it on the screen: the choir; and the Dean, the Very Rev. W. R. Matthews, during his sermon

J. Cura



Upper Wharfedale: from the film 'We of the West Riding', shown in the television programme of December 29

there was little that was remarkable or distinguished. At the Christmas morning service from St. Paul's Cathedral there were more satisfactions for the ear than for the eye; the cameras were severely limited in enterprise, and the sight of a Lesson being read was very little more compelling than simply listening to it. One shut one's eyes experimentally a number of times during this transmission with no sense of deprivation. We might have had better television from a lesser and more intimate service, say from one of Kipling's 'little lost Down churches'. The complex apparatus and organisation required to bring us this cathedral service did not lay hold of the spirit of Christmas. In that respect the secular carol-singing in Trafalgar Square on Christmas Eve was more successful. This did not produce very striking pictures but there was Christmas in the uplifted voices of the crowd.



T. P. Camerer Cuss showing Jeanne Heal his collection of watches in 'Leisure and Pleasure' on December 24

centred in a single department, a task of organisation entrusted, one understands, to Cecil Madden, whose enthusiasm for television is balanced by temperate judgment and, one would wish to add, good taste. Television drama has not finally found itself and may never do so. Television entertainment generally may yet have to concede the overriding supremacy of the cinema, the theatre, and the music-hall. Bringing pictures of events into the home as they occur, television news and actuality programmes will be likely to sweep the board of all possible rivals. Cecil Madden takes on what may prove to be his heaviest responsibility in a career of effective if unassertive

the best of the week's viewing: 'Shadows in the Snow', from Finland, and 'We of the West Riding', from the Central Office of Information, a production which has lost surprisingly little of its vitality and freshness since it was first shown over five years ago. The Finland film gave us some beautiful winter scenes in the white and silent forests of the north, with glimpses of wild life under duress of hunger and fear. The tracking of a bear was mercifully not brought to a climax of slaughter within the compass of the film, over which there brooded a sense of cold eternity. 'We of the West Riding' has presumably been seen by a lot of people in the cinemas. It served to remind us viewers all over again that the factual film is one of this country's quality jobs, and that this class of film at its best is a 'natural' for television. 'We of the West Riding' was thoroughly enjoyed in the heavily augmented holiday viewing circle from which these comments are written.

The pre-Christmas programme, 'The Half-

Light', in which several viewers appeared in the studio to tell us of supposedly supernatural experiences within their own knowledge, was fascinating in content, less so in presentation. Some of the story-tellers were first-rate, Mrs. Vera Chaplin in particular; but once again it was a case of a bright idea losing some of its sparkle in the studio glare. In spite of Edgar Lustgarten's judicial stance and Lady Tweedsmuir's beautiful presence, as a jury they were redundant and contributed almost nothing to the programme. 'The Half-Light' should come on again. We viewers will be the jury.

REGINALD POUND

BROADCAST DRAMA

The Old Way

ENTHUSIASM DROOPED A LITTLE when I saw that the *Radio Times* had provided a sketch-plan for listeners to Anthony Hope's 'The Prisoner of Zenda'. A plan is all very well for, say, a race-meeting; but we expect radio dramatists to clarify their scene without aid. This time, alas, the plan was needed. I thought I knew 'Zenda' well; but the middle of the play found me fogged. Pistols banged; swords clattered; swimmers lashed through the moat. . . and, round the fire, we were hurrying the map from hand to hand: 'Rupert enters moat about here'. Almost I distinguished, spectral in the background, a voice that cried: 'Square Six'. Eric Maschwitz, who had dramatised the book for radio (Home), had tried to get in everything. This was not the necessarily static stage version: we seemed to be galloping over the country. Although, as I say, it was a misty night in Ruritania, land of Hope-and-Glory, in my heart I enjoyed much of the exercise and the romantic slap-bang of this historic piece of Dick Barton-in-the-Balkans.

We are out of touch with Ruritania now. In London the legation has long been closed. So it was cheering to have again the entrance of 'His Majesty Rudolph the Fifth' (no King but the red-haired Englishman, Rassendyll); to hear Sapt grunting, 'We'll give Black Michael some work before we've done'; and to listen to Rupert Hentzau as he dashed about, crying 'Ah, ha!' and 'The devil it is!' This is still buoyant romantic nonsense, even if we felt last Saturday that the line, 'Is love the only thing?' was clearly a cue for song. Laurence Payne had the romantic glow; and Balfour Holloway, in good gritty voice as Sapt; Barbara Jefford, filling in the outlines of Her Royal Highness the Princess Flavia; and Anthony Jacobs, as Rupert ('handsome, reckless, treacherous son of Satan') helped to stream the banner of Ruritania in a world that has forgotten it. One thing only: before the piece returns, with swirl of cloak and scrape of sword, I do suggest that Mr. Maschwitz and his producer (Frederick Bradnum) should sort out the comings-and-goings at Zenda and keep our fingers from the plan.

We were on the old way, too, the Alexandrian way, during the Christmas Eve revival of 'His House in Order' (Home). Pincro's show-piece among drawing-room dramas can do without a plan: it is technician's work. Nina's rebellious 'I go to no park tomorrow!' stings in 1951 as it did in the St. James's of 1906. Maybe the dialogue, like the French governess, is over-gowned and over-hatted; but we do not complain of a tale so theatrically compelling in its forward-march. Godfrey Tearle was warmly sincere as Hilary, whose luxuriance, I suspect, had been pruned a little—the dear fellow, unless I misheard, was not allowed to have treasures from 'Madrid, Paris, Vienna, Sofia, Bucharest' and so forth—and the rest of the cast was serviceably behind him. We wanted rather more from Nina: Avic Landone, who can be an engaging comedi-

enne, missed something of the flash-and-out-break. Archie Campbell produced smoothly, though I regretted the no doubt needful addition of a final few lines. Hilary should have the last word.

In 'The Untamed' (Third), translated by Kitty Black from *La Sauvage*, and adapted by Raymond Raikes, we were on a newer path, with Jean Anouilh. No girl born into the theatre as the heroine of a play by Anouilh can expect much fun. In this, from the *pièces noires*, 'Happiness is a trick for clever people, for lucky people'. In spite of her love for the wealthy Florent, the girl Thérèse—whose past has been promiscuous and poverty-stricken—knows that she must be a misfit in her prosperous marriage; that there must always be 'a lost dog somewhere who wouldn't let me be really happy'. It is good average Anouilh; and it was spoken touchingly—on a single note—by Mai Zetterling, and subtly by Norman Shelley as the girl's squalid father.

There is space only to add that 'The Golden Bird', by Anne Ridler (Third), proved to be mildly beguiling, if drowsy; and that Sunday's 'Variety Bandbox' (Light) was brisk enough in the old way, Reg Dixon in command.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Retrospect

AT THE OPENING of a new year it seems proper that the critic should cast an ear back over the past twelve months. A year in terms of the Spoken Word represents a monstrous output of loquacity. Indeed a rough calculation assures me that, had I made the most of my opportunities, I might have listened during that period to a cool 12,000,000 words at the very least, and that excluding the drama; a figure beside which my 30,000 words of comment appear shockingly inadequate. At first thought it seems a simple undertaking, this summing-up of the year's talk, but as soon as I begin to attempt it I discover that, except for the broadcasts of the past month or two, unaided memory recalls next to nothing and I am forced to seek the help of my filed pages of 'Criticism on the Hearth', that cemetery of dead talks—and, I hear the ungentle reader remind me, 'of dead criticism'. And there, sure enough, I find the names of programmes and the epitaphs I dutifully composed for them. Some of them ring only the faintest bell, but the mere titles of others at once recall grateful and still green memories of past pleasures. Two especially stand out: Gilbert Murray's Marett Memorial Lecture, 'The Emergence of Order in Greek Culture', and Cecil Day Lewis' inaugural lecture as Professor of Poetry at Oxford, entitled 'The Poet's Task', full, satisfying talks that stimulate thought and imagination. It may seem contrary in a radio critic to single out two items neither of which were intended for broadcasting, but, after all, one of the most valuable functions of the B.B.C. is to perform the miracle of the loaves and fishes, and the fact remains that the recordings of these, to which I must add Lord Radcliffe's Reith Lectures and Bertrand Russell's 'Living in an Atomic Age', were for me the most rewarding and enjoyable things I heard in 1951.

Of programmes dealing in one way or another with the arts I especially enjoyed Nikolaus Pevsner's learned and lively series on 'Victorian Architecture' and those excellent talks on and readings from the French Impressionists and Symbolists. Among much good poetry-reading I shall long remember two extraordinary feats, James McKechnie's bravura performance of 'Mr. Sludge the Medium' and Michael Redgrave's beautifully balanced delivery of Pope's 'Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot'; and of talks about poetry I

found by far the most illuminating J. M. Cameron's 'The Journey of Poetry', in which he developed what to me was a new metaphysic of poetry. In 'Tennyson as I Remember Him' Sir Charles Tennyson composed out of a few recollections of his childhood a vivid portrait of his grandfather.

Usually, I find reviews of books and art exhibitions and art criticism in general as evanescent as an unfixed photo-print, but Robert Jordan's talks on architectural subjects have not lost their brilliance, and I recall with particular delight Herbert Read's 'The Inspired Tinker', an entrancing vindication of the mobiles of Alexander Calder, and a talk by Patrick Heron on the development of certain forms in the paintings of Braque, Picasso, and Matisse, called 'The Changing Jug'.

In the course of a year we listeners travel far by radio and our conductors sometimes carry realism to a point at which travel is no picnic but a tedious and noisy ordeal. But 'Five Weeks in Pakistan', by Julian Duguid; 'Finnish Journey', by Tom Hopkinson; 'New Out of Africa', by Patrick O'Donovan; 'The French Speak Their Mind', by Ewan Butler; and 'A Farm on a Greek Island', by Francis Noel-Baker were the kind of travel that broadens the mind and delights the senses.

I must have overlooked much excellent stuff in this hustled history, and as for the uninspired, the humdrum, the laborious—they, mercifully, 'are melted into air, into thin air'.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

BROADCAST MUSIC

Sweet Colleen Bawn

'THE LILY OF KILLARNEY' is the youngest of three old veterans which held their place in the repertory until the nineteen-twenties, having been produced in 1862, nearly twenty years after 'The Bohemian Girl' and seventeen after 'Maritana'. Last week, after her long rest, Eily O'Connor took the air as fresh as a daisy. The opera had been retouched, but in no sense gilded, by Dennis Arundell. There is, indeed, no need for improvement, which would only mar the style of the thing and make it ridiculous. Provided we accept the theatrical conventions to which it conformed, 'The Lily of Killarney' is a charming and agreeable work which was well worth—reviving. We need not scrutinise the drama too closely and enquire how Mrs. Cregan solved her financial problems after her son has been happily united to the Colleen Bawn. The opera lives in its tunes and the tunes are good.

The interest of Benedict's music, apart from its charm, is the surprising degree of English (or, should I say, Irish?) character it displays. It was natural in a German-born composer, who had been brought into contact with Weber, to take 'Der Freischütz' as a model. Nor could he always escape the potent influence of Italian melody, especially as it was embodied in 'Il Trovatore'. But under these superficial resemblances, his *opéra comique* (for that is what 'The Lily of Killarney' is) has a quite genuine individuality, which one can best define by saying that most of its melodies would seem to come over best in the tones of John McCormack's voice. The tunes may be 'stage Irish', like Boucicault's characters, and no doubt Benedict derived this particular brand of suave, sweet melody from Balfe; but he no less certainly used it with a wholeheartedness which makes it genuine, and no mere copy.

I expected the libretto to give me some good laughs, but, apart from poor Miss Chute's plea for 'fair shares' in love and the wrangle between Hardress and Eily about the 'marriage lines', it hardly raised a smile. Mrs. Cregan, indeed, is half-way to one of Gilbert's comic

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matrons, and perhaps Mr. Arundell was wise to tone down this resemblance by omitting her 'No blot on our scutcheon shall e'er have a place', *Allegro marziale e maestoso* with plentiful triplets to swing it along. But on the whole it is a well-written and exciting story, and some of the lyrics, e.g. the famous 'The moon hath raised her lamp above', may claim to be good, if minor, poetry.

Verdi's 'Attila', which ended the year's commemoration of the composer, cannot lay claim to a good libretto. A modicum of historical fact and a great deal of conventional romantic melodrama badly put together produces the result

that the hero is a nitwit, his friend the Roman general a self-seeking traitor, the heroine a blood-thirsty virago, and the villain (Attila) the only decent character in the piece. But Verdi's gift of strong melody—how powerful beside Benedict's gentle lyricism!—and his ability to turn a given dramatic situation, however absurd it may seem in cold blood, into exciting music, made this performance well worth hearing. Of the singers Caterina Mancini was the best and sang the beautiful aria at the beginning of Act I with its elaborate coloratura very effectively. The tenor was as tenors are nowadays, and Italo Tajo (Attila) distorted his fine voice by bad delivery.

On Christmas night I tuned in to Stephen Potter's talk on 'Keys of Music' in anticipation of a good laugh, only to find that it was apparently a perfectly serious account of the Lifeman's pilgrimage from Bach to Berlin delivered with the well-known air of supercilious cynicism. To make sure I had not made a mistake I listened again on Saturday, but there it was—the new Musical Play played without a smile. The Feast was more gaily and aptly celebrated with the opening part of Bach's 'Christmas Oratorio' performed with real spirit in King's College Chapel under Boris Ord.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Guillaume Dufay: Christian Humanist

By WILFRID MELLERS

The first of three programmes of music by Dufay will be broadcast at 10.20 p.m. on Thursday, January 10 (Third)

DUFAY was born at Hainault, a town illustrious for its musical progeny, at the end of the fourteenth century. Like so many of his colleagues, he gained his early musical training as a choirboy—in his case at Cambrai Cathedral, which was celebrated for the magnificence of its music, the brilliance of its ceremonial, and the sweetness of its bells. In 1428 we find him in Rome as one of several Burgundian musicians in the papal choir. He made periodic visits to Italy during most of his working life. To the Italians he brought his profound knowledge of the dominant musical traditions of the Middle Ages—the French and Flemish; while from them he gained the humanist delight in the exploration of the senses. His musical celebrity was in no way separate from the religious, social, and political activities of his time. He was a doctor of canon law at Paris University; and counsellor, as well as chapel-master, to the Duke of Savoy. In his old age he returned to Cambrai to be a canon and choirmaster of the cathedral in which he had sung as a boy. When he died in 1474 his reputation was European.

During the period of Dufay's apprenticeship composers were consciously preoccupied with fresh fields of experience and with new techniques to express them. Even in France, the home of Gothic polyphony and of Gothic architecture, the styles of Ars Nova were opposed to the Ars Antiqua of the school of Notre Dame. The secular songs of Guillaume de Machaut became the most significant and influential type of composition, in place of the austere liturgical style of Pérotin. Although these songs were often based on medieval principles of structure, being organised by the metrical patterns of the old rhythmic 'modes', the melodies tended to become more lyrical in contour; while the harmonic texture became more sonorous with the composer's growing fondness for chromatically inflected semitones and the rich sound of the third.

In the Ars Nova of the fourteenth-century Florentine composers this re-creation of medieval styles in the light of Renaissance humanism was carried a stage further. The voices and instruments indulged in lilting dance rhythms and ornamental melismata of fantastic virtuosity; often the music realistically illustrated the sensuous delights of living—the carollings of birds, the rippling of streams, the holas of the chase. Instead of the somewhat elegiac temper of Machaut's ballades there was a sun-baked Boccaccian vivacity. At the same time England was also becoming a leader of European civilisation, and was developing her own 'new music'

If this was less interesting melodically than the French and Italian schools, it was particularly advanced harmonically. English descant style had long exploited the exciting effect of swaying parallel triads (in what we would call first inversion); and while this interest in euphonious harmony did not destroy traditional linear methods of structure it certainly modified their effect. This we can observe in many compositions in the Worcester and Old Hall MS.; particularly in the impressive work of Henry V himself, and in the music of Dunstable which stands, in the early fifteenth century, as the climax of this English tradition.

Dufay naturally inherited something of the French tradition of Machaut and he was, as we have seen, intimately in touch with developments in Italy. Although he did not visit England he would have been familiar with the English harmonic style since the wool trade brought a continuous cultural as well as mercantile intercourse between England and Burgundy; Dunstable's reputation was probably even greater on the continent than it was in England. So it is broadly true to say that Dufay's historical achievement consists in the fact that he and his disciples reconciled and fused the tendencies of the 'new art' as they were developing in France, Italy and England.

If one considers one of Dufay's early compositions for the church, such as the Mass 'Se le face ay pâle', one can see that it is still basically medieval in conception. Unlike the enterprising Florentines of the previous generation, Dufay relies on external authority in using a *cantus firmus* around which to crystallise his polyphony. He also retains some of the medieval methods of organising sound by metrical pattern rather than by harmonic order. These archaic elements, however, are counteracted by the use not of a traditional plainsong motive for the *cantus firmus*, but of a secular song, and a lyrical love-song at that. Moreover the harmony produced by the linear counterpoint tends to be triadic, after the English model. If one compares this Mass with Machaut's great *Messe de Notre Dame* one can see the difference between two generations. On the rare occasions when Machaut writes liturgical music he does so in the old medieval spirit. His Mass is relentless and monumental. Its remorselessly clashing linear counterpoint preserves something of the terror and awe of Byzantine paintings of the mystical Godhead, rather than the pathos of the God-Christ who assumed the attributes of man. Dufay's Mass, on the other hand, has been compared with a smiling Virgin of Van Eyck. The luminous texture of Dufay's

three-part polyphony resembles Van Eyck's clear colours; the celestial Queen has become a human mother without ceasing to be divine. Machaut's angels are Essences; Dufay's are both supernatural and as natural as the plump choirboy-cherubs who at once allegorically and realistically adorn *quattrocento* paintings.

Although we do not know precisely how these works were scored it seems probable that Dufay's instrumentation may have revealed similar qualities. Machaut's voices and instruments, in the Mass, are wild and terrible in their ritualistic splendour; Dufay exploits the sensuous beauty of the mingling of vocal and instrumental timbres, still more than does Machaut in his ballades. Machaut's texture and colourings in his secular works are subtle and veiled; Dufay's have a glowing radiance.

It was the influence of Italy that transformed Dufay's medieval style into Renaissance humanism. In such a comparatively late piece as the motet 'Alma Redemptoris Mater' the old freedom of line is maintained—consider the unaccompanied plainsong opening; but there is now a celestial serenity in the long lily melodies, and the complexities of 'isochronous' rhythmic pattern have given way to an order achieved through the suavest harmonic euphony. There are frequent homophonic passages which depend on the poignant effect of a sensuous sequence of chords; for instance the end of this motet.

It is typical of Dufay's religious humanism or humanistic religion that there should be no sharp distinction between his secular and ecclesiastical styles. The essence of Pérotin's music is liturgical; the essence of Jacopo da Bologna's is secular, even when he writes for the church: in Dufay we find a perfect equilibrium between the divine and profane. Dufay's secular chansons remain more archaic in spirit than his church music; they continue the tradition of the troubadours in the soaring freedom of their solo vocal lines; and of Machaut's ballades in the delicacy of their texture. Yet they too are a product of humanism in the mellifluous harmony which the accompanying instrumental polyphony creates. The exquisite refinement of detail and the subtle correspondence between music and text make these songs some of the most civilised music in the European tradition. They seem, perhaps, a little rarefied—as one might expect of the fruits of the hyper-sophisticated Burgundian court. At the same time the relation of their style to that of Dufay's ecclesiastical music means that this elegantly attenuated art never loses contact with the grandeur of the Christian tradition.

*I choose this work because there is a beautiful recording of part of it (Anthologie Sonore). On the other side is the 'Alma redemptoris mater' mentioned below—W.M.

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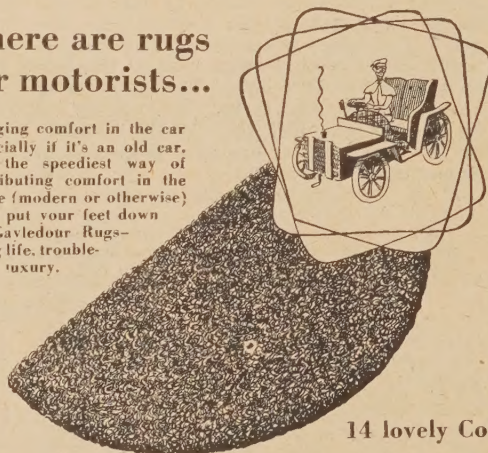
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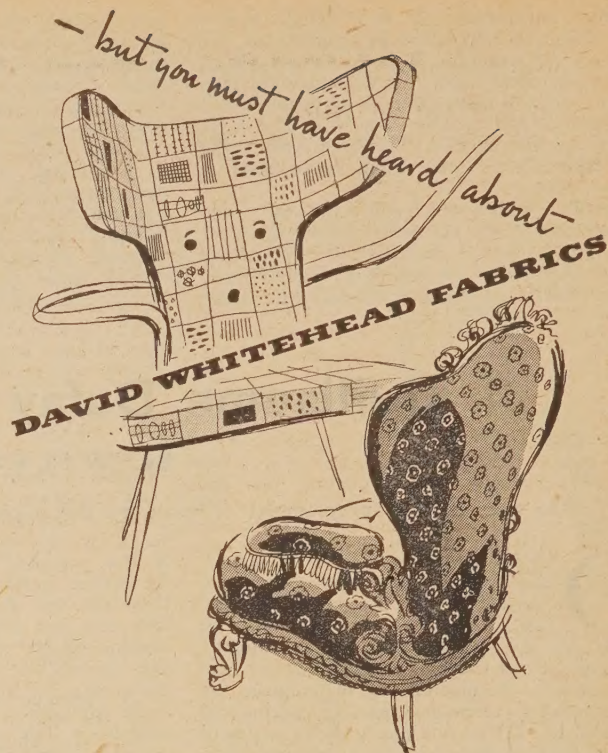
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Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

FIRST-AID AT HOME

A MEDICINE CHEST is a necessity in a house where there are children. Mark it clearly. The first bottle to go into the box is one of an antiseptic lotion—any chemist will recommend a good one. The next essential is lint. There are two kinds of lint: one is plain white and the other is pink. The pink is called boracic lint because it has been prepared with a boracic solution, which also is antiseptic. Lint has a fluffy surface on one side and a smooth surface on the other. It is always the smooth side that is put next to the skin.

In addition to the antiseptic and lint—both useful in the case of cuts and abrasions—you will need cotton wool and bandages. Roller bandages are all done up neatly in various widths, from the narrow one an inch wide, used for finger cuts, to those of three or four inches wide to wrap round bigger surfaces. A couple of triangular bandages are also useful things to have handy. Next to the bandages in the box put scissors and some safety pins.

Another thing that is useful in the box is a small spool of adhesive plaster. Often a strip of this on a small injury is much less clumsy than a bandage. But be sure you have a dressing under it. If at any time you have to put on a wet dressing, you will need a piece of oil silk.

Another bottle to go into the box, and one that is particularly useful in winter when the children may have colds, is Friar's balsam. An inhalation of this at bedtime usually eases them enough to let them get to sleep.

The last small packet I am going to suggest

you put in the box is one of bicarbonate of soda. If you get a slight burn, say on your hand, put some bicarbonate of soda in a small bowl of water, soak a piece of lint in it, and put it on the burn. It is soothing, will keep the air from the damaged surface, and ease the pain.

In addition to my list of essential 'foundation members' which are so often needed in a hurry, you can add something in the way of stimulants, such as sal volatile and smelling salts. Other useful items are a marked medicine glass, some clean bits of linen, and the fingers cut off an old glove to use as finger-stalls.

MARIAN CUTLER

SAVOURY BACON PUDDING

This pudding is a good way of making four rashers of bacon into a substantial main dish. It is a savoury suet pudding of the kind that was popular in English farm-houses a hundred years ago. Here are the ingredients for four people:

- 1 lb. of fresh white breadcrumbs
- 6 oz. of self-raising flour
- 3 oz. of prepared suet
- 2 tablespoons of chopped parsley
- 1 small onion
- 4 rashers of bacon
- Salt and pepper

First you peel the onion, wash the parsley, and cut the rind off the bacon. Mince all three together, or chop them finely. Pare the crust off a 4-oz. piece of a loaf of bread, and rub the crumbs through a sieve into a large basin. Add the suet and the flour, the bacon, onion, and parsley. Season the mixture carefully. Mix it all to a stiff but lithe paste with about two-thirds

of a teacupful of water. Put it in a greased pudding basin, making sure that it is not more than three-quarters full. Cover with a pudding cloth or several layers of greaseproof paper tied firmly down. Steam for 2½ hours over constantly boiling water. Turn out on a hot dish, and serve with onion or tomato sauce, or a good brown gravy.

MARGARET RYAN

Some of Our Contributors

HUGH CARLETON GREENE, O.B.E. (page 5): has returned from Kuala Lumpur, where he was head of the Emergency Information Services

PETER WILES (page 7): University Lecturer in Economics, Oxford

DR. C. D. DARLINGTON, F.R.S. (page 15): Director of the John Innes Horticultural Institution; editor, with Professor R. A. Fisher, of *Heredity*; author of *Genes, Plants and People: Essays in Genetics, and The Elements of Genetics* (with K. Mather), etc.

KATHLEEN LONSDALE, F.R.S. (page 17): Professor of Chemistry and Head of the Department of Crystallography, University College, London; author of *Crystals and X-rays*, etc.

WILLIAM PICKLES (page 19): Senior Lecturer in Political Science, London School of Economics

JAMES JOLL (page 22): Fellow of St. Antony's College, Oxford; editor of *Britain and Europe: Pitt to Churchill, 1793-1940* (Vol. III in 'The British Political Tradition')

DAVID SYLVESTER (page 28): art critic; contributor to *The Burlington Magazine*, etc.

Crossword No. 1,131.

Poetic Circles III.

By Pipeg

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: First post on Thursday, January 10

Some part of each of the numbered clues gives a word, or words, (A) of the number of letters indicated after it. In each clue there is one other word (B), either standing alone, or hidden in other words. In a few cases the word (B) may be a standard abbreviation, with any punctuation in it ignored. The letters of the word (B) are to be deleted, in

their normal order, from the word (s) (A), leaving four letters in each case. These letters are to be inserted along a radius, from centre to circumference, except when R follows the number of the clue, then the direction is reversed.

If the clue were 'The luck of dicers is remarkable' (8)—the word (A) is GAMBLERS, the word (B) is ABLE and the letters to insert would be GMRS.

When the puzzle is completed, each of the four circles contains a complete line from a poem by Browning. Each line is from a different poem.

CLUES

1. Mary's sister was 'careful and troubled about many things' (6).
- 2R. Reward for finding Butler's imaginary country (7).
3. Remove the leaves from the bakelite vase (9).
4. If the boys leave disordered beds, let them be dealt with severely (9).
- 5R. He finds his garden-hose in the conservatory (3-5).
6. Not a bit like this bird of the heron family (7).
7. Silver ores found in this stony matrix long ago (6).
- 8R. Engaged in the cleansing of the ship astern (10).
9. Record any rise of temperature on the chart (8).
- 10R. Reduce the hunting of the pochard (3-4).
11. Give an account of a connected series of events (6).
12. A place for hanging hats under the archway (3-4).
13. I want no tricky lawyers in my service (8).
- 14R. Arts now flourish in the remotest districts (8).
15. Bring from overseas the men of the M.T. units (6).
- 16R. Jock's tasselled pouch contains his spare cash (7).
- 17R. Teach Mae West the art of horsemanship (6).
- 18R. A proposal of health (5).
- 19R. So ripe as to be somewhat deficient in flavour (8).
- 20R. The projection of a moulding in a C.P.R. dining-car (7).
- 21R. The orator is much too stout (4-3).
22. You can eat the sweet potato at home (6).
- 23R. Put this under an Indian leguminous plant to

prevent progress (4, 6).
- 24R. Sort out his belongings and have them arranged (8).
- 25R. Wind blows from the E.N.E. with welcome freshness (7).
- 26. He has an objection to the way the service was read (7).
- 27R. Visit of the A.P.M. to a place where drinks are served (3-4).
- 28R. Gates left open by black-berry pickers (9).
- 29. What an ugly stain the boy has made! (6).
- 30R. Did Willa Cather write about an Alderman? (4-6).
- 31. The one who casts the dice makes a big row (7).
- 32. Geology studied by men of Columbus' native place (7).
- 33R. By dint of observation this temperature can be found (3-5).
- 34R. Radiation from the windows of the belvedere (7).
- 35. Threshing corn with the swinging part of the flail (7).
- 36R. He was quite satisfied with the contract (7).

Solution of No. 1,129

P	R	E	P	O	N	D	E	R	A	N	C	E	S
O	P	T	I	C	V	E	G	E	T	A	B	L	E
Y	R	O	K	E	A	C	R	I	D	I	T	Y	R
A	E	N	E	A	S	I	E	N	C	L	O	S	E
T	A	L	L	N	E	S	S	D	T	N	I	A	
I	M	B	E	L	L	I	S	H	I	N	G	U	D
O	B	I	T	A	A	B	O	S	S	U	M	V	
N	L	R	A	M	I	N	O	L	L	E	E	M	E
R	E	D	E	R	P	R	O	S	P	E	C	T	O
S	U	R	P	A	S	S	E	T	T	E	R	S	
W	M	A	G	D	A	L	E	N	S	U	V	E	A
I	B	C	O	M	P	O	S	I	T	O	N	R	
N	E	Y	L	A	S	T	S	M	O	N	K	E	
G	R	U	D	G	E	H	O	P	A	D	E	P	T

NOTES

Across. 1. xss. 11. I. 13. P. 18. MU. 19. O.T. and 'the Inky Boys' (Hoffman). 20. Now Digne in Provence. 38. XL. 49. SA. 56. TT. 57. NV.
Down. 1. T. 2. 'School and Schoolfellows' (Praed). 4. C. 21. B. 22. NME. 24. J. 28. K. 31. O. 35. 'The Walrus and the Carpenter'. 41. AE.

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